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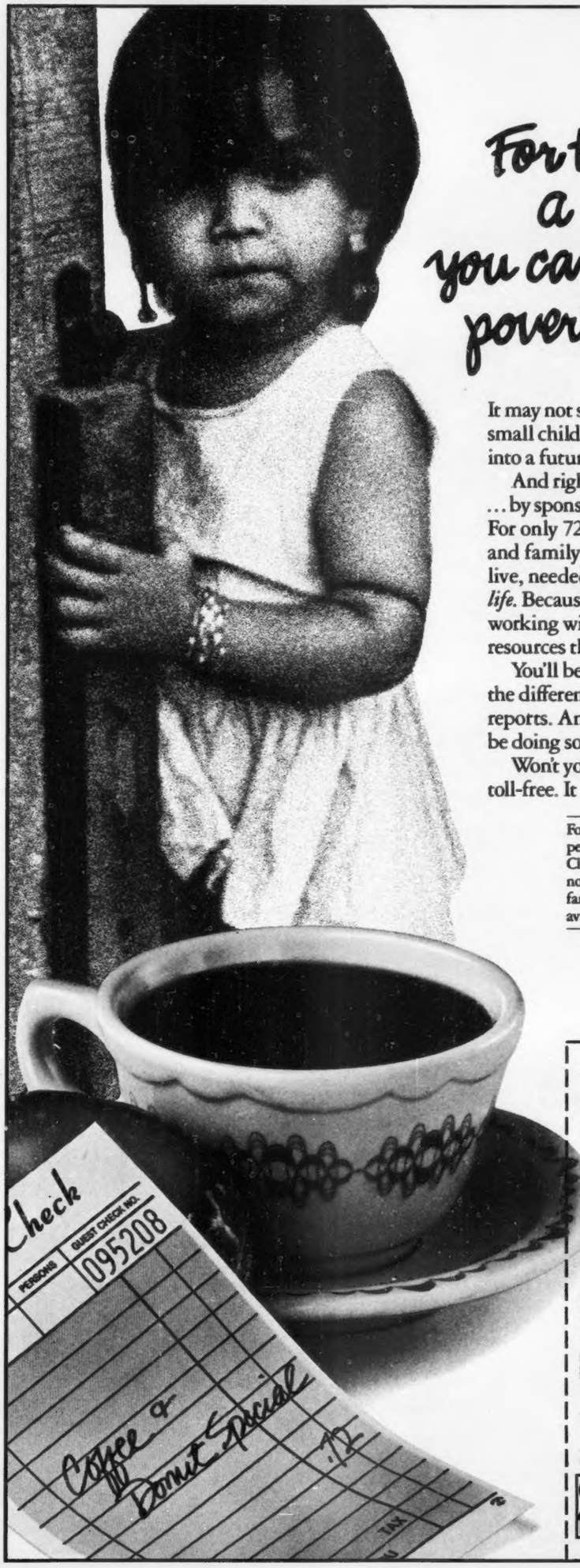

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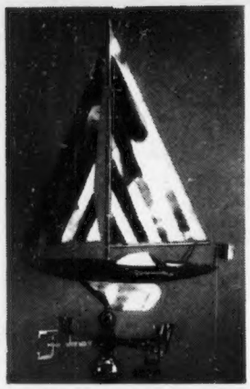

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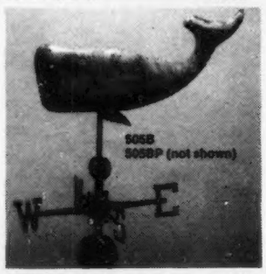

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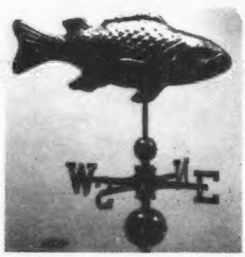

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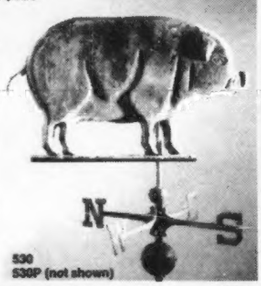

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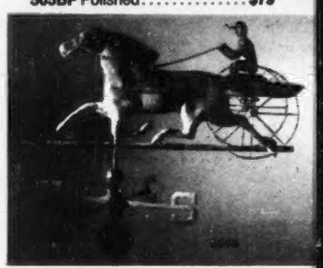

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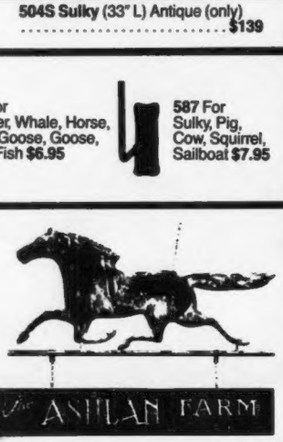

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THIRD ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST (See page 49)

July/August 1985
Vol. XXII, No. 4

American West

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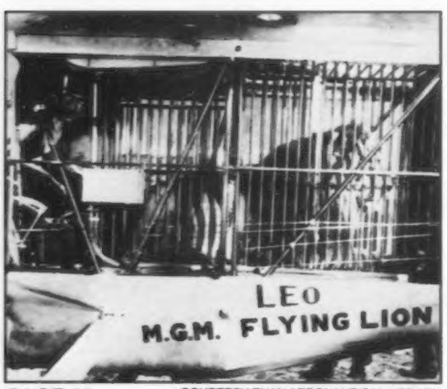

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Cover

Reflecting the bright Montana sunshine, this abandoned grain elevator at Anceney tells a story of farm troubles. In an insightful essay for AMERICAN WEST, Kentucky farmer Wendell Berry explains why he sees the deserted elevators as symbols of a wrong turn in farming endeavors. Not only is a way of life on the line, the fertility of the land itself is at peril. All who are concerned with our Western traditions will find Berry's essay and Laurance Aiuppy's nostalgic photographs evocative of a past that has lessons for the future.

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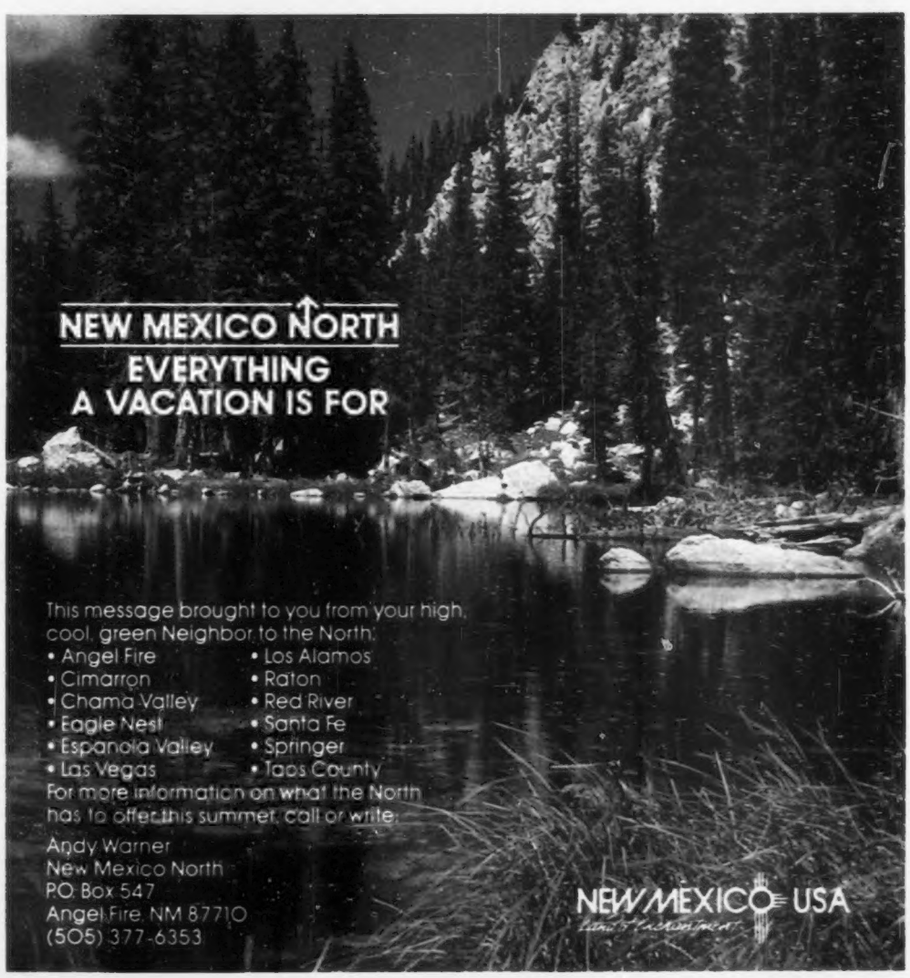

View from the West

PHOTO BY TOM PEW

Odd as I am sure it will appear to some, I can think of no better form of personal involvement in the cure of the environment than that of gardening. A person who is growing a garden, if he is growing it organically, is improving a piece of the world. He is producing something to eat, which makes him somewhat independent of the grocery business, but he is also enlarging, for himself, the meaning of food and the pleasure of eating.

—Wendell Berry

Midsummer corn towered overhead. Rustled on delicate, spider feet. Released humid breaths of Texas sunshine. Below, a six-year-old crouched . . . hiding, squishing his feet into the earth to feel it rise oily and cool between his toes.

Bathed in corn-leaf light, smothered in fecund vapors, I was absorbed in a hidden vegetable kingdom like one of the little green bugs that perpetually moved to the other side of the corn stocks when my curious eye drew too close a bead on them.

Through this bug-level, green-colored consciousness of my world the voices of my Aunt Ann and her neighbors came to me as distant murmurs from a world I did not know. How long they worked their way through the rows of the Victory Garden talking of the war, as I crab-walked, always just beyond and below their view, I cannot remember. How long my Aunt Ann called my name at dusk before I heard and emerged, muddy-toed and vague, I cannot say. But when I did come out from among the plants, I came out imprinted with an urge to grow my own vegetables one day.

The "one day" projected on the screen of my six-year-old imagination that afternoon in my Aunt's garden actually took some twenty years of germination to poke through to reality. And when it did sprout, it came up on a little square patch of borrowed land at the fallow edge of a friend's farm. I remember the day as vividly as I recall the sights and smells of the Victory Garden.

The farmer (after a certain degree of hinting on my part) allowed as I might use a little space that was impractical for him to include in any of his surrounding bean and corn fields. It was early spring. I took a day off from work. Hurriedly I assembled the necessary digging and cultivating tools. I canvassed the local nurseries and hardware stores for seed (the long-winter pleasures of marking seed catalogues while fantasizing perfect rows of vegetables was yet ahead of me). Impatiently I took the shortest route out of town to the farm. I forgot gloves.

My hands were soft. Not used to this work. The sod had never been turned at this forgotten corner of the fields. Less than a row into double-digging through the wiry mat of sod and my palms were a painful mess of broken blisters.

Nearby the farmer worked his way up and down the field, apparently unaware of my frustration. I had imagined I could surprise him with a garden all neatly dug and planted before he'd completed his day's work, and here I was disabled before I'd even begun. But no sooner had I broken off digging and begun to examine my sad hands, than my friend cut short his last row and headed straight for me.

One pass with his shiny, earth-burnished plows set into my humble little patch of ground, and the green grass rolled over and off the moldboard like thick black liquid. In a moment's pass with the tractor-drawn gang of plows, a perfect window of fertile soil appeared in the deep green frame of sod. This was accomplished with a minimum of words. Just a: "Where you want it?" and I pointed. Followed by a: "How wide?" and I spread my arms with blistered palms open. Without further comment he cut the garden, and headed back to his day's work, glancing back over his blue, bib strap. (And not a glance at me, but at the work.)

I felt a little guilty. A little seduced by the machine. More than a little aware of my naiveté about the labor involved in what had been—until that moment—still a dormant six-year-old's dream, held for many years in a man's head.

That first year's garden was a great success (as I later learned that most first year's gardens in new earth usually are). Our table was filled with good things to eat. My hands toughened up. I learned a little of what I needed to learn for the next year.

In time I became a passable vegetable gardener. We moved, and I started again in a new place with different soil, different weather, new bugs, some of the same weeds, and the promise of different vegetables. Our table soon prospered in the new place with fresh things. My pleasure—my addiction—in doing the work increased each year. I worked the soil less, and it responded better. I grew closer to the plants: at first, as a row of this or that; but later as individuals, each with its own character, its own habits, its own slightly differing fruit or leaf. In time I came to find the turning of good compost—the act of mixing waste, assisting in the creation of the richest of soils—as satisfying as the vegetables that appeared at the other end of the gardener's arm. I grew close once again to the six-year-old who was forever nearer than I would ever be again to the bug's-eye view of the garden. I heard the buzzing at the end of the day. I smelled the soil at planting and felt the seed run between my thumb and fingers. I tilled the garden barefoot, and relished the soil, cool on the bottom of my feet. But I worked the garden now, not innocently, but with purpose, and knew the other feelings of taking food and eating something that had been helped along by my hand. Still I was not prepared to look down last year, and see my own seven-year-old standing in the tassling corn.

The garden had become that, too. Again.

Tom Pew

Why are we giving away these nationally advertised *SWIFT-660/F ZoomCast Spinning Reels* for only $4?

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As part of its Anniversary Publicity Campaign, the giant New York outfitting firm of Abernathy & Closther will distribute one million (1,000,000) of its most expensive spinning reels—the famous SWIFT-660/F ZoomCast Spinning Reel—for the astonishing "Anniversary Price" of only $4 each to the first one million persons who write to the company address (below) before Midnight, September 30, 1985.

This *original* Anniversary Ad must accompany your request. Copies or photostats are *not* acceptable.

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To obtain your SWIFT-660/F ZoomCast Spinning Reel, mail this original Anniversary Ad together with your name and address and $4 for each reel. Add only $2 shipping and handling no matter how many reels you are requesting. (New York residents add sales tax.) Allow up to 6-8 weeks for shipment. Mail to: **Abernathy & Closther, $4 Spinning Reel Offer, Dept. 244-100, Box 1736, Hicksville, New York 11802. (A25160)**

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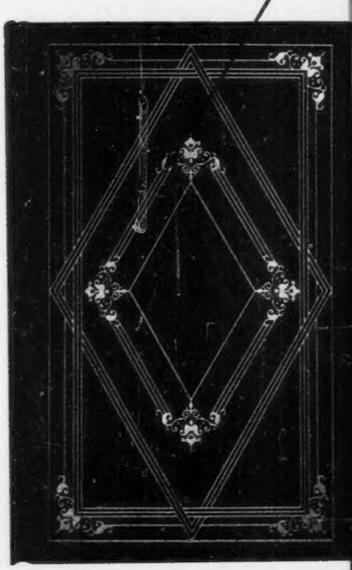

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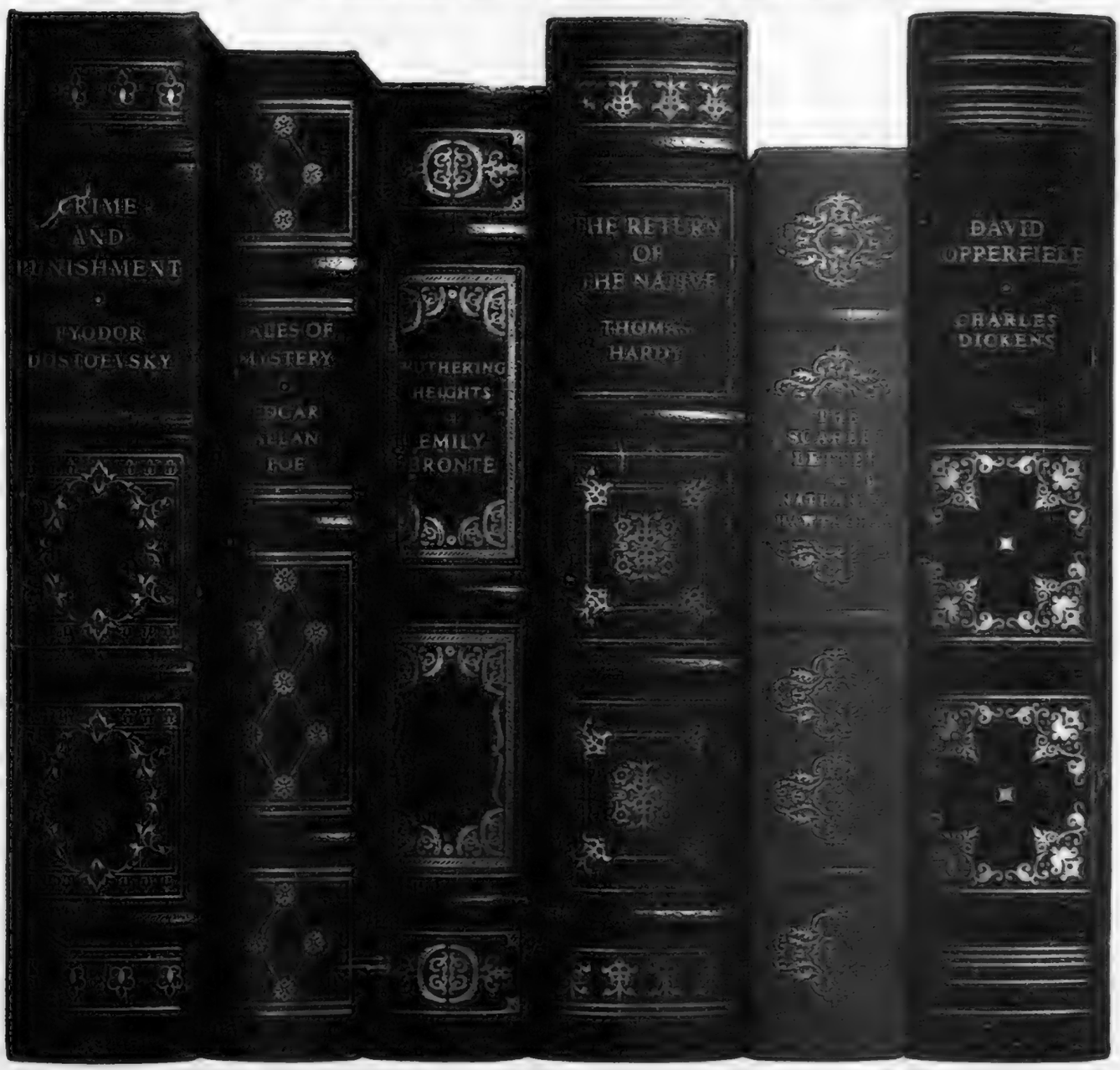

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Binocular Astronomy

by O. Richard Norton

How different the skies would be if our eyes had evolved with the magnification and light grasp of that pair of binoculars tucked away in your closet. With a magnification of only 6 or 7, the Milky Way would reveal its true nature, a band of millions of stars. The satellites of Jupiter would be visible as would the phases of Venus, and the craters and mountains on the moon could be easily seen. These are only the most obvious treasures afforded to one with 7 power eyes! Double stars, star clusters, the nebulae, and galaxies are all within the treasure chest of celestial objects revealed by binoculars. The eye alone, as remarkable as it certainly is, cannot begin to show us the majesty of the heavens that is within the binoculars' grasp. This is an article about binoculars, the right hand of the stargazer. From this moment on, they shall be our constant companion on our exploration of the night sky.

To make the best use of binoculars, especially if you're planning to purchase a pair for Halley's Comet (and all predictions tell us you'll need them), we need to review some basics of binocular design. First, the name binocular refers to two identical instruments, one for each eye. Binoculars are composed of two monoculars, *mono* meaning one and *bi* meaning two. Basically, binoculars are composed of two low-power telescopes put together in such a way that the images produced by each overlap to produce a continuous viewing field. Of greatest importance for stargazing is the size of the front lenses, the objectives. This is usually designated somewhere on the binoculars along with the magnifying power. Thus, 7 X 50 binoculars have a magnification of 7 power, written 7X and objective lens diameter of 50 millimeters or 2 inches. Now, the amount of light a lens can gather depends entirely on the area of the collecting surface of the lens which, of course, is dictated by the lens diameter. The amount of light a lens gathers is called the *light gathering power* and is often compared to the human eye which measures about 7 millimeters when fully expanded. Thus, binoculars with 50 millimeter lenses can gather 64 times more light than the human eye, which means that binoculars can see star images 64 times fainter than the eye can. It's no wonder that stars of the Milky Way become obvious when viewed through binoculars. But, not all binoculars have 50 millimeter objective lenses. Very popular binoculars are 7 X 35. The magnification is the same, but the objectives are smaller by 15 millimeters, reducing the light gathering power by nearly a factor of two. Obviously then, the 7 X 50 is preferred for astronomical purposes over the 7 X 35. But 7 X 35 binoculars are much smaller and easier to carry and are excellent for terrestrial viewing, and they still have a 30 to 1 advantage over the human eye for night viewing.

The *magnification* of binoculars usually varies from 6 to 8 power, although since the invention of the zoom lens, binoculars have been manufactured with this zoom capability—that is, the ability to change the magnification smoothly without taking your eyes from the object you're viewing. It's not unusual today to find binoculars marked 7-21 X 40 or 8-24 X 50, giving the range of magnifi-

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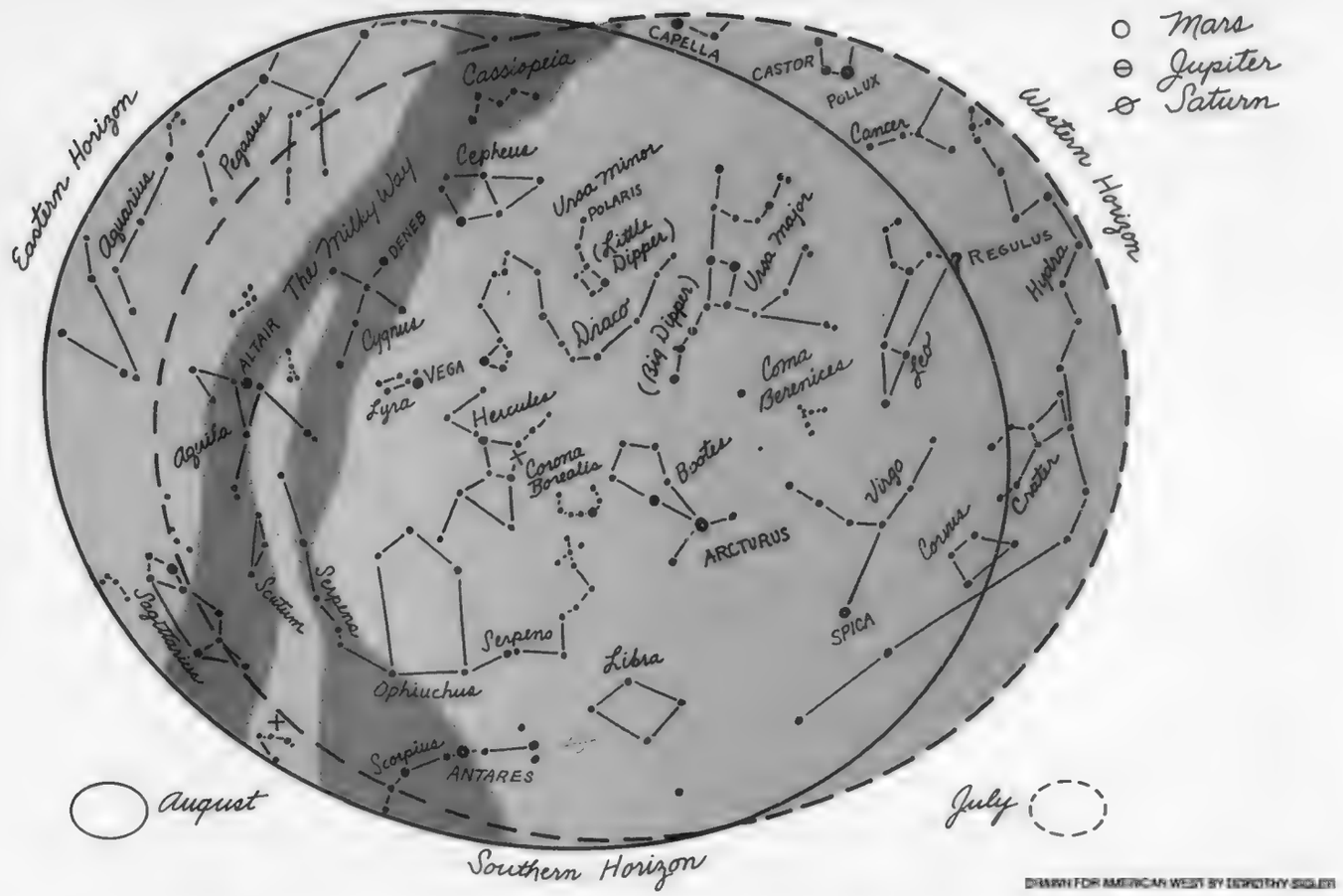


DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY DOROTHY SIGLER

cation. I must confess that, until recently, I had not tried zoom binoculars on the sky. The magnification is changed by a convenient lever extending from the right eyepiece. Most binoculars with the zoom feature will not remain in focus through the entire zoom range, which I found a bit annoying. But probably the greatest drawback was the magnification itself. I find that 7 power is about as much magnification as I can handle and still keep the image steady by hand. As the magnification increases, the star images bounce around, and even resting my hands against a post did not sufficiently reduce the shake. Oddly, daytime viewing with the zoom at 24 power was a delight, and my unsteadiness didn't seem nearly so critical.

Another quality that you must consider is *field of view*. This is simply the size of the viewing area in the binoculars and is usually given in terms of degrees across the diameter of the viewing field. For example, 7 X 50 binoculars have 7.3° field of view. That is equivalent to a little less than 15 full-moon diameters (the moon is ½° across in the sky). As the magnification goes up, the field of view decreases by the same amount. Thus 14X binoculars have only half the viewing field, 3.6°, of 7X binoculars. This means you take in less sky with the higher magnifications. But at the same time, 14X will enable you to see objects better like the phases of Venus, the moon's craters, double stars, and many other objects in which magnification is an advantage. If this seems like a battle of give and take options, you're right. Optics is that way. If you take one option, you give up others.

A word should also be said about focusing the binoculars. Most people have eyes that are not identical. Anyone who wears glasses is certainly aware of that. Usually, one eye needs more correction than the other. For that reason, provisions are made on high quality binoculars to equalize the eyes before the image is focused. Usually, the left eyepiece can be focused independently of the master focus control. It may have diopter numbers on the eyepiece barrel; so once you have determined the correction for your eye, you can always return the eyepiece to that reading. Here's how it's done. First, cover the left objective with the lens cap. While keeping both eyes open (don't squint the left eye), use the main focus control in the center post to focus a distant object for your right eye. Then, remove the lens cap on the left objective and place it over the right objective. Now, looking at the same object, focus the image by turning the left eyepiece until it is clear and sharp. Once this is done, you can use the center focus knob to focus both eyes together. This method is especially sensitive for star images, and I recommend that you use star images for this procedure. Some binoculars have a so-called "insta-focus" or "speed focus" lever instead of a knurled ring as in more conventional designs for the master focus control. I tried both and found the "insta-focus" lever very convenient and easy to use at minimum power. It was more difficult to find the point of sharpest focus at higher powers since it seemed to be a coarser adjustment than the knurled ring type. I suspect, though, that one's adeptness may simply be a matter of practice.

Today's modern high quality binoculars are a marvel for which Galileo would certainly have given the phases of Venus. How lucky we are to have such a tool with which to explore the universe. In the following months, we'll be using binoculars to search for the hidden delights among the constellations. You'll be surprised indeed to discover what those binoculars can show you.

The author wishes to thank the Bushnell Binocular Company, a Division of Bausch and Lomb, for providing the binoculars used for this article.

O. Richard Norton *is director of the Flandrau Planetarium at the University of Arizona.*

PHOTO BY LEONARD DELANO

Looking northeast across the head of the Cascade landslide, near the site of today's Cascade Locks on the Columbia River.

American Indian Legends, I: The Bridge of the Gods

by Stephen L. Harris

Systematic study of our Western geology began about 1879 when the United States Geological Survey was founded. But for thousands of years before scientists began to unravel the complex evolution of the Western landscape, American Indians preserved an oral tradition of some major geologic events.

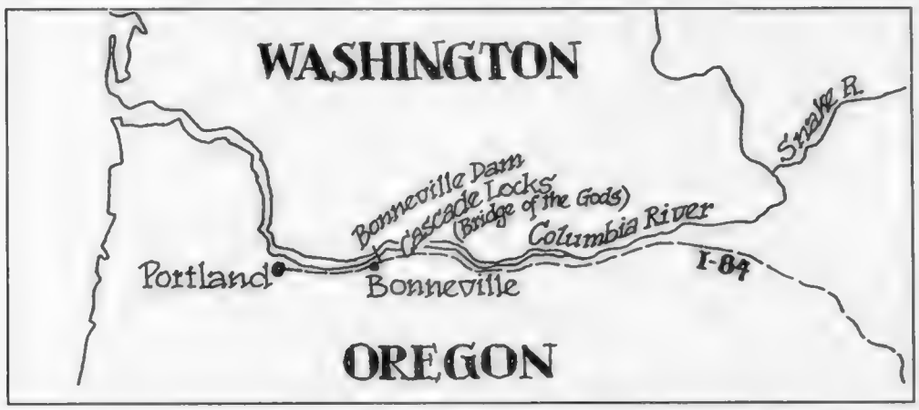
In a prescientific age, the native peoples of North America interpreted geologic processes as part of a unified view of the world that blended physical and spiritual components. Mountains were not simply inert piles of rock; they were living presences with distinctive personalities. Rivers, lakes, and other topographical features were inhabited not only by animals (who were kin to humankind) but also by unseen beings who could manifest their power through events that today we are taught to regard as the impersonal working of geophysical laws. In native traditions heaven, earth, and human consciousness were bound together in a rhythm of life, a sense of wholeness.

One of the most attractive legends illustrating the bond connecting earth and its inhabitants concerns the Bridge of the Gods, a landform that reputedly once spanned the Columbia River near the present site of Cascade Locks. Numerous versions of the story exist, and it is probably impossible now to disentangle authentic legend from later embellishment and Caucasian reinterpretation. According to one version, long before white people appeared on the scene, native tribes could use the bridge to cross the Columbia dry-shod. But when the tribes became greedy and quarrelsome, "Coyote" or the Great Spirit took steps that eventually led to the bridge's destruction. First he caused all the fires in their lodges to go out. Only the fire maintained by Loowit, an ancient crone who avoided the violence that divided her people, remained burning so that all her neighbors had to come to her to relight their campfires. When the Great Spirit asked Loowit to name a reward for her peaceful sharing, she instantly demanded "youth and beauty." Transformed into a lovely young woman, Loowit inadvertently rekindled the fires of war. For she now attracted the admiration of two great chiefs, Phato who ruled over the north (Washington State) side of the Columbia and Wyeast who led the Multnomah people south of the river.

Phato and Wyeast contended fiercely for Loowit's favor, hurling red-hot boulders at each other and causing the earth to tremble.

Angry at the chiefs' destructiveness, the Great Spirit separated them by causing the "bridge" to fall, its giant fragments creating the Cascade Rapids of the Columbia. He also changed the three principals in the love triangle into mountains. Wyeast became the lofty pyramid white persons call Mount Hood, Phato became broad-shouldered Mount Adams, while Loowit became the smoothly youthful cone of Mount St. Helens.

Even after their metamorphosis into high peaks, the trio continued to blaze with passion, spewing "smoke" and "flame" into the air. Being the youngest, Loowit remained infatuated the longest. After her suitors eventually fell silent under mantles of ice and snow, Loowit still burned, becoming known as *Tah-one-lat-clah*—"fire mountain."



Behind the legend lie an impressive number of geologic facts. The correlation between story and reality is clearer once certain misconceptions are corrected. While most nineteenth century storytellers envisioned the Bridge of the Gods as a high natural stone arch spanning the Columbia Gorge from rim to rim, what appear to be the earliest forms of the tale make no such claim. The natives of this region did not have a word for "bridge" in their language and stated only that the river was dammed so that many people at once could walk across the obstruction without getting their feet wet.

Considerable evidence attests that such a massive earth dam did exist, temporarily blocking the Columbia's flow. On his party's return trip through the Gorge in 1806, Meriwether Lewis marvelled at finding a drowned forest upriver from the Cascade Rapids. Seeing thousands of tree trunks exposed at low tide or standing erect in ten to thirty feet of water, Lewis estimated that the river had been dammed only twenty years before. A 1958 radiocarbon dating of wood from the ghost forest, however, indicated that the pine snags had been killed about 1260 A.D. (Today's more precise methods of C^{14} dating would probably require a revision of that figure. Unfortunately, both the Cascade Rapids and the trees above them have been submerged permanently by the reservoir behind Bonneville Dam.)

The largest of many landslides to affect the north bank of the Columbia during Holocene time (the last 12,000–10,000 years), the Bonneville slide was the result of a peculiar combination of geologic circumstances. The series of late Ice Age floods that raced from glacial Lake Missoula through the Columbia Gorge (see AMERICAN WEST, March/April 1984) widened the river canyon and steepened its walls, leaving them unstable and subject to slumping and sliding. The instability of the Gorge walls is compounded by the arrangement of the lava deposits of which the walls are composed. They are capped by up to 1,500 feet of dense Columbia River basalt flows, but the lower 1,000 feet is made up of more easily eroded rock, the Eagle Creek Formation—mud flows, ash beds, and pyroclastic flow deposits. The whole sequence is tilted gently southward so that the upper basalt flows on the north side of the river slide over the water-saturated Eagle Creek material, in the words of one geologist, as if they were "a stack of heavily buttered pancakes on a tilted platter."

Possibly triggered by a volcanic earthquake, nearly half a cubic mile of rock broke loose at or near the summits of Table Mountain and Greenleaf Peak (which stand about three miles north of the river) and, in a series of catastrophic landslides, spread out to bury nearly fourteen square miles. Invading the former Columbia channel, the slide forced the river more than a mile southward to its present course, and formed a dam over 200 feet high.

It may have taken several years for the water impounded by the slide to overtop the dam and wash most of it away, leaving its broken remnants to form the Cascade Rapids. While the dam lasted, it served as a land bridge that permitted the Klickitats, Multnomahs, and other tribes to enjoy easy access to each other's territory.

What of the mountain participants in the "bridge's" fall? The legend bearers correctly assessed the volcanic nature of the three glacier-draped peaks known as the "Guardians of the Columbia." Although the least active of the three, Mount Adams has repeatedly erupted extensive lava flows during Holocene time. Mount Hood has had two major eruptive cycles during the last 2,000 years, the latter producing the still-steaming lava dome of Crater Rock only about 250 years ago. Intermittent eruptions, some sprinkling light gray pumice fragments over the mountain, continued into the 1860s.

St. Helens (*Tah-one-lat-clah*) has fully lived up to her legendary reputation as the West's preeminent "fire-mountain." A long eruptive episode (from approximately 1500 to 1650 A.D.) strikingly reformed the volcano's profile, fashioning the elegant symmetry that inspired native tales of her feminine allure. Explosive outbursts and the growth of the Goat Rocks dome high on the north flank between 1800 and 1857 did not seriously mar her conical perfection. But the 1980 eruptions, which blasted away 1,300 feet from the summit and destroyed the entire north side, heralded the return of the hag, bringing the saga of Loowit full circle.

Although reduced in stature and blanketed by gray ash instead of her former ermine cloak, St. Helens remains keeper of the flame. In time, the Great Spirit may again restore her youth and beauty, reawaken her sleeping lovers, Adams and Hood, and perhaps even create a new Bridge of the Gods. Meanwhile, scientists record the volcanoes' every tremor and heartbeat, but without telling us what the latest development in the never-ending drama of river and mountain may mean. For that we must await the appearance of a poet who, like the American Indian spinners of myth, can see the land and its people as one.

Coming: "American Indian Legends, Part II: The Battles of Llao and Skell, Geologic Events in Oregon and California"

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

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A professor of Humanities at California State University, Sacramento, **Stephen L. Harris** *is currently writing a book on aspects of Western geology.*

PHOTO COURTESY THE AUTHOR

A Room at the Top

by Andrew H. Malcolm

It wasn't as if all the motel rooms in town were full. And we did have our own tent set up on some private ground in the Montana mountain woods. Nonetheless, the allure of spending a night high in the sky in an old fire tower overlooking the Kootenai National Forest and parts of Idaho and Canada was just too much, at least for one of us. My wife and I both went, Connie with somewhat less certainty than I.

For generations of summer forest-fire seasons, sharp-eyed crews spent lonely tours above the woods and beneath the stars on the alert for spawning conflagrations. Now with tight forest budgets and more sophisticated equipment in planes and satellites, many such posts have been abandoned to costly uselessness and vandalism.

Enter a team of cost-conscious rangers who could attract some money and people to an unused facility. They fixed up the fire lookout on Big Creek Baldy Mountain, twenty-six miles north of Libby, Montana. We had made reservations by phone for a weeknight (weekends go long in advance), paid $25 at the Libby Ranger Office, and picked up the key, directions and instructions, plus a water bottle. We planned a delicious dinner in town, a leisurely evening drive to our mountain hideaway—possibly with a pleasant, surprising encounter of wildlife—and then a romantic evening under the Montana stars.

At dinner the power failed briefly; a squadron of thunderstorms had chosen that night to rage through town. No problem, though. The storms were moving quickly. They would be gone by the time we got to the tower.

Unfortunately, they had gone to the tower by the time we got to the tower. Now, curving, steep, one-lane mountain roads, even unfamiliar dirt ones virtually devoid of signs, are beautiful things—by day. At night in a thunderstorm without visual references beyond the headlights, they leave something to be desired—something like being somewhere else at that moment. The steep part was only six miles long, according to the map. But by 10:00 P.M. without seeing another living creature (they being wiser on these occasions), we had conquered the 5,768-foot mountain and stood at the tower's base ready for the final assault. Just forty-one more feet to go.

The oxygen was thinner. Our Sherpa guides were nowhere in sight. In fact, nothing was in sight. Just blackness. Lightning flashes revealed that the black was really grey. But there we were perched on this bald nob of rock that fell off to somewhere far, far below.

High above loomed a dark gangly tower surrounded by a narrow, fenced deck. (Do spiders live at 5,768 feet altitude?) I saw as reassuring of strength the taut steel cables running from the tower off to anchors in the darkness. Another person in the party thought they suggested otherwise. We got the car doors closed despite the wind. And within minutes, flashlight held sort of securely in my mouth, we were struggling up the fifty-five wooden steps with bags of supplies and two sleeping bags flapping furiously in gale-force winds.

We negotiated the locked trapdoor and breached the tower's room itself. I found it cozy: two large beds built high to the windowsills, two chairs, cabinets, a propane stove (later augmented by a wood stove for year-round rental). Another person noticed the glass insulating pods that held everything off the metal tower's floor. The room, lit by propane lantern, was spotlessly clean with a modicum of basic housekeeping supplies including a roll of thin paper that suggested the existence of another room, somewhere.

The storm still raged outside, but the only signs indoors were the lightning flashes, the sounds of wind in a stray crack, and, alright, frequent shudders as particularly strong gusts struck the tower. The anticipated celestial show was nonexistent; we could see only as far as a flashlight beam, the stars having gone to Wyoming that night. We were rocked to sleep, cozily, by blasts of whistling winds.

Dawn crept up on us silently atop Big Creek Baldy Mountain. Soon after 4:00 it started with pastel pinks and blues and lines of yellows in the east. By 6:00 it was broad blue daylight, and we arose to a bright, sunny day with an unblemished view stretching as far as the imagination could go. A deep green carpet of trees spread in all directions with its own population of creatures emerging from the storm. There were no man-made straight lines to soil the sights anywhere.

Suddenly sitting up on a bed in a room of wraparound windows forty-one feet up in a tower 5,768 feet above sea level is fun, but startling. It is rather like waking , vulnerably, in a bed outside on the rooftop observation deck of some skyscraper. The view out was great; one can feel that the view in is, too.

There were no forest fires to spot that morning. Just countless miles of unmarred beauty, save for the welcome sight of a skinny, white shanty a few hundred yards down the mountainside. The gusts had become breezes. And a hawk soared by on them during our simple breakfast.

We find something soothing about the natural rhythms of the deep forest, the juxtaposition of rotting trees next to strong vibrant ones next to dying ones standing among tiny seedlings competing for sunlight like youngsters for a floating balloon. It all seemed to say that things were going along normally and naturally there—not an insignificant lesson for a rainy night's stay in a tower in the world of the woods.

Then just as we were about to leave (tower 'checkout' is 2:00 P.M.), Connie turned on the portable radio to catch part of a far-away newscast full of strife, death, and disagreements but no talk of births and new life. It was confirmation that things were going on normally and naturally in other worlds too.

For information regarding the tower on Big Creek Baldy Mountain, call the U.S. Forest Service rangers' office in Libby, Montana, at (406)293-7741 during business hours, Mountain time.

Andrew H. Malcolm, *an adopted Montanan, is author of* The Canadians, *a newly published anatomy of Canada and its society.*

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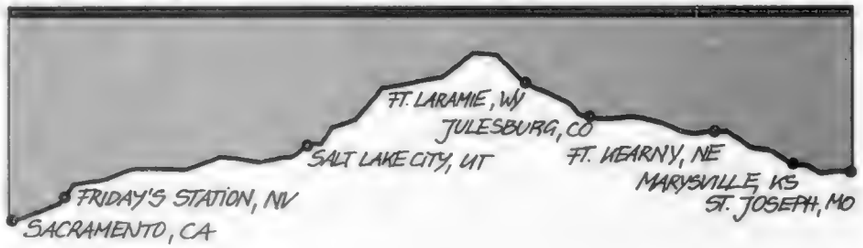

Pony Express—125th Anniversary

An early advertisement read: "WANTED: Young, skinny, wiry fellows not over 18. Must be expert riders willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred. Wages $25 per week." Between April 1860 and October 1861, young men who responded to this call carried mochilas stuffed with letters, telegrams, and newspapers in a giant relay on horseback from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, and back—from the westernmost railroad station to the hotbed of gold-rush activity during a time of turbulence in both East and West. Covering 1,966 miles of wild and often treacherous terrain, courageous riders galloped from St. Joseph to Sacramento, cutting mail delivery to ten days—half the time required by coach. Fiercely dedicated and determined, these young riders embodied the American pioneer spirit and symbolize the urgency of Westward expansion at that time. Only the completion of transcontinental telegraph lines and, later, railroad service, relieved the need for horse-carried express mail delivery.

The spirit of the Pony Express is kept alive by the National Pony Express Association, which annually reenacts the mail relay over the nineteenth-century trails. This year, in honor of the 125th anniversary of the Pony Express, the Association is sponsoring a simultaneous ride—west to east and east to west—beginning June 22 and ending July 4. Though somewhat less pressed than the early carriers, participants will still relay the guarded mochila filled with letters—each letter marked with a commemorative stamp. Celebrations are scheduled in several cities along the route, including Sacramento; Carson City, Nevada; Salt Lake City, Utah; Casper, Wyoming; and St. Joseph. In addition to a parade and anniversary festivities, a life-sized Pony Express statue will be unveiled in Marysville, Kansas, on the Fourth of July. For more information, call (702) 782-2261.

Anasazi village. The Archaeological Conservancy in Santa Fe, New Mexico, has offered to donate an unexcavated Anasazi village site to the National Park Service. Part of a forty-acre parcel near the border of the Navajo reservation in northeast Arizona, this village is in "mint" condition says Mark Michel, president of the Archaeological Conservancy, which protects archeological sites threatened by commercial development.

Having somehow escaped looting, the ruins offer an unusual opportunity for the interpretation of Anasazi culture from about A.D. 900 to 1100. The multistory village includes an estimated thirty to fifty rooms as well as an unusual sixty-foot circular feature that may have been a great kiva or a dance circle. The House of Representatives approved the addition to the National Park system in March, and at this writing the Senate is to consider the bill. If the donation is accepted, this site will be added to the Petrified Forest National Park.

Montana adopts the "goodmother dinosaur." With the diligent efforts of sixth graders in Livingston, a species of duck-billed dinosaur found on the Peeble Ranch in Teton County has become the official Montana State fossil. Inspired by a slide presentation last October on the 1978 discovery of a nest of *Maiasaura peeblesorum*—including eggs, juveniles, and parents—the sixth graders of Livingston's Middle School launched a campaign to persuade the legislature to adopt this giant lizard as one of the symbols of their state. (To date found only in Montana, fossilized *Maiasaura* embryos will help determine whether or not warm-blooded dinosaurs actually existed.)

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH TANG HERRICK

One hundred and thirty boys and girls wrote letters and sent information to two hundred schools. They also circulated petitions, obtaining 9,000 signatures supporting a bill to adopt *Maiasaura* as the state fossil. Wearing original dinosaur tee-shirts and buttons sporting *Maiasaura*-loving slogans, all 130 sixth graders converged upon the House of Representatives in Helena on January 18, serving duck-billed-dinosaur-shaped cookies in the rotunda and testifying in favor of House Bill 81. It passed unanimously. Later, after senate

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Lookout

passage, Governor Ted Schwinden signed the bill in Livingston before a cheering crowd of school children. The legislature of Montana has been warned to watch out for this group of Westerners when they find a new class project.

Ipswich clams, Oregon prawns? The cattle-and-lumber-producing land of Oregon's Great Basin may soon be yielding the edible decapod crustaceans known as prawns. Recently the Planning Department of Harney County voted support for a plan to establish eighty-nine one-acre pools of warm water drawn from below the earth's surface that will maintain the 82° to 84° water temperatures necessary for the optimum growth of Malaysian prawns.

Kenan Smith, who has worked in geothermal aquaculture research at the Oregon Institute of Technology and at the University of Texas, has been consultant on this new venture of GeoCulture, Inc. He is optimistic about aquaculture in this area, estimating a possible yield of three to four thousand pounds of tails per acre per year. In addition, GeoCulture plans to use warm effluent from the ponds to help heat, water, and fertilize ten acres of greenhouse farms where tomatos, lettuce, asparagus, and zucchini may be grown. The prawns and garden produce will be processed right on the grounds. Smith expects construction of the complex to be in full swing by this summer. Allowing eight to nine months for the stock of prawns to mature, shellfish lovers of the West can expect to test the tails by next summer.

Because of the rapidly growing population of the earth and the increasing possibility of overfished seas, the fish-farming industry is expanding in many countries. According to a recent report by the Worldwatch Institute, "nearly all the rainbow trout, most of the catfish and crawfish, and forty percent of the oysters" in the United States are already harvested from fish farms.

Bruin-proof boxes. With the grizzly population still at risk, and unfortunate encounters between people and bears still a problem, strategies for management of grizzly habitat continue to appear. In a one-year test, bear-proof food-storage boxes and suspension poles are being provided for campers in Wyoming's Shoshone National Forest. The eight-cubic-foot steel boxes and sixteen-foot-high-plus suspension poles are placed a minimum of 100 yards from campsites.

Aside from putting a good distance between hungry bears and campers, the idea is to keep the grizzlies away from that first potato chip, that first addicting peanut. Research indicates that *ursus horribilis*'s food frenzy occurs after that first bite. If the bears never succeed in obtaining the campers' food, in time they probably will not bother campsites. But the Forest Service is testing more than just the bears' response and the effectiveness of the boxes and poles. People are being tested, too. Will campers use the system properly? Rangers are hoping they will not find boxes used as garbage dumpsters.

The Great American Race, the third time around. In "Lookout," May/June 1984, AMERICAN WEST featured the second annual Great American Race, a time-speed-distance rally from Los Angeles to Indianapolis for antique and classic automobiles, trucks, and motorcycles. In 1985 they are at it again with an array of Chevys, Fords, Overlands, Packards, and other pre-1936 treasures. This time, however, they are driving across the continent—all the way to New York City for the Fourth of July. Considering the age of these venerable vehicles, mechanical problems are not uncommon and going the distance is an achievement in itself, but most contestants hope to win a share of the $250,000 purse. The older cars are allowed handicap points to better their chances of winning, but everyone gets to share the spirited welcoming parties planned in dozens of cities across the band of states along the route—CA, NV, AZ, NM, TX, OK, KS, MO, IL, MI, OH, PA, NJ, NY. The 1926 Chevy pictured here is scheduled to leave with 114 other antique

COURTESY BILL HALLIDAY

vehicles on June 24 from Los Angeles. It will be driven by Bill Halliday of Newport Beach, California. Halliday arrived at Indianapolis last year in twentieth place, but he is looking for a better finish in New York. For more information call (214) 348-6477.

Happy birthday, Rainbow Bridge. The Navajo call it *nonnezoshi,* a "rainbow-turned-to-stone." Located in the slickrock canyons of southern Utah, it is the world's largest natural arch, measuring 309 feet high, 278 feet long, and 32 feet wide. Less than a year after the first documented sighting of the bridge by white men (August 1909), this awe-

some pink sandstone structure was declared an official national monument by President William Taft. Once inaccessible except through difficult slickrock terrain, since 1962 *nonnezoshi* has been easy to reach over the waters of man-made Lake Powell. More than 200,000 people are expected to visit the Rainbow Bridge this year.

***Bacillus cereus* golden.** The United States Geological Survey reports new evidence that a simple soil bacterium can help identify the location of gold deposits, as well as copper and other metallic minerals, up to hundreds of feet underground. U.S.G.S. scientists in Denver, Colorado, have found a significant correlation between higher-than-usual concentrations of the common soil bacterium *Bacillus cereus* and gold deposits in Creek County, Colorado; Washoe County, Nevada; and near Redding, California.

Nancy L. Parduhn, a geomicrobiologist on the U.S.G.S. team, explains that this hardy strain has the peculiar ability to break down naturally occurring penicillin in the soils, forming chelates that can attach themselves to the migrating metal ions from nearby deposits. This process "neutralizes the toxic effects of gold and other metals that might otherwise kill it," making this particular strain a "survivor." At a recent minerals resources forum in Denver, John R. Watterson, another geomicrobiologist on the team, noted the observation that first led them to this investigation. Two hundred and fifty feet of metal-rich ground over a copper deposit in Lewis and Clark County, Montana, supports only a few of the many plants and trees growing in surrounding areas. Here, too, *Bacillus cereus* was found in greater numbers over the deposit than all around it. Only preliminary studies have been conducted, but the U.S.G.S. team suggests that a relatively simple soil test could well be used as a method of mineral exploration.

The Yellowstone Library and Museum Association is sponsoring a summer series of lectures and courses covering topics like natural history, horsepacking, wild flowers, grizzly bears, geology, fly fishing, and canoeing. A sample of workshop titles: "People of the Yellowstone High Country," "Flight of the Nez Perce," "Conservation Literature and the National Parks," "The Ways of Mountain Men," and "Artists in Yellowstone." All are taught by leading authorities in their fields. Field trips to sites under discussion will be a feature in many of these courses. For more information, write P.O. Box 117, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming 82190.

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WHEN LEO ROARED IN ARIZONA CANYON

MGM flying lion and daring pilot in wild PR scheme

by Joseph E. Stevens

THE ENTERTAINMENT TRADE JOURNAL *VARIETY* HAILED THE scheme as "the most sensational exploitation stunt ever done in the motion picture industry." The *New York Times* criticized it as an example of "futile callousness" that was "to the credit of none who had anything to do with it." Thus it was no surprise that when stunt pilot Martin Jensen and his passenger, Leo the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, took off from San Diego on September 16, 1927, to attempt the first nonstop airplane flight from California to New York, America was watching. And when Jensen and the 350-pound African lion crash-landed in a remote canyon in Arizona's rugged Tonto Basin, one of the most colorful chapters in Western aviation history was written.

The saga of Leo the MGM flying lion and his misadventures in the Arizona backcountry began in the Culver City, California, offices of Peter Smith, publicity director for MGM studios. Pete Smith was a brash, enterprising young man whose ability to shock and amuse people with outrageous stunts and clever lines had made him Hollywood's premier press agent. But in August of 1927, his considerable talents were put to a severe test when Louis B. Mayer, the gruff, cigar-chomping producer who ran MGM, ordered Smith to concoct a spectacular promotion that would draw national attention to the studio's trademark, Leo the MGM lion.

Promoting films and the actors and actresses who made them was second nature to Pete Smith, but publicizing a

trademark was something new altogether. As he approached this formidable task, he tried to fathom the country's mood, searching for inspiration among the fads that gripped the public imagination that giddy summer of 1927. Movies had never been more popular—forty-nine million tickets were being purchased every week—and the careers of stars like Douglas Fairbanks, Clara Bow, John Gilbert, and Pola Negri were followed with intense interest by armies of avid fans. In fact, the public's passion for films and film stars was eclipsed by only one thing—its fascination with flying.

The explosion of interest in aviation could be traced to May 21, 1927, the day a young airmail pilot named Charles Lindbergh landed his airplane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, at Le Bourget Field outside Paris and became the first man to fly solo-nonstop across the Atlantic. When the news of Lindbergh's feat flashed across the ocean, America went wild. The Lone Eagle's return from France on June 10 and his triumphal procession up New York's Fifth Avenue triggered an unprecedented orgy of hero worship. Some two and one-half months later, as Smith sat fretting in his Culver City office, Lindbergh was on the western leg of a hero's tour, hopping across the mountains and prairies of Montana in the *Spirit of St. Louis*, creating a sensation wherever he landed.

Lindbergh's transoceanic flight and transcontinental aerial tour were not the only aviation stories in the public eye, however. Newspapers, particularly in the West, were full of accounts of the recently completed Dole Derby, an Oakland-to-Honolulu air race sponsored by Hawaiian pineapple magnate James D. Dole. Of the eight pilots entered in the Dole Derby, only two successfully completed the grueling two-thousand-mile flight from California to Oahu, but the praise lavished on this pair had briefly rivaled the glory heaped on Lindbergh.

Pete Smith was impressed by the public's adulation of aviators and its seemingly insatiable appetite for information about flying, and in his mind the outline of a publicity scheme involving Lindbergh and the Dole Derby suddenly emerged. He would send a real, live "MGM Flying Lion" in a plane just like Lindbergh's, piloted by one of the Dole Race winners, soaring across the American sky on a sensational, headline-grabbing, record-setting flight. Snatching his telephone, he began making calls, first to Al G. Barnes, circus owner and MGM's animal trainer, then to the B. F. Mahoney Aircraft Corporation in San Diego, manufacturer of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and finally to Martin Jensen, well-known barnstormer and movie stunt flier who had piloted his monoplane, the *Aloha*, to a second-place finish in the Dole race.

IN SHORT ORDER, SMITH TRANSFORMED HIS BRAINSTORM INTO a workable plan. Al Barnes promised to provide a trained lion from his menagerie to play the part of Leo; Mahoney Aircraft agreed to modify a B-1 Ryan Brougham, a virtual duplicate of Lindbergh's famous ship, to carry the lion; and Martin Jensen signed on to fly the plane nonstop from Los Angeles to New York where Leo would be put on display in the lobby of Loew's State Theater on Broadway. For good measure, a short film on the history of aviation, culminating with exciting footage of Leo's flight, would be produced and distributed to theaters around the country. Louis B. Mayer was delighted with the plan, and at a press conference on August 30, he announced that "Leo, the flying Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion," would embark on his nonstop transcontinental flight in approximately two weeks.

September 16, 1927, the day of the great flight, dawned cool and foggy in southern California. On the apron of a broad, packed-dirt airstrip outside San Diego, Pete Smith paced nervously while several MGM film crews set up their cameras. Originally the flight was to have hopped off from an elevated runway built in the back lot of the studio at Culver City, but this plan was ruled out for safety reasons by representatives of the aircraft company. Then, at the last minute, the Los Angeles Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals threatened legal action to block MGM from transporting a live animal in an airplane, forcing a hasty, late-night shift of airplane and lion to the remote location. Even though Smith believed the SPCA had been thrown off the track, he kept looking over his shoulder, half expecting to see a sheriff's car racing across the airfield with a squad of injunction-waving lawyers clinging to its runningboards.

Nearby, Martin Jensen, the pilot who was to fly Leo to New York, was also having an attack of nerves. Jensen was a dapper, leprechaunlike Hawaiian who had learned to fly during World War I and had been eking out a living as a barnstormer, stunt pilot, and air racer since his discharge from the Navy in 1919. His prize for finishing second in the Dole Derby was $10,000; and with that money and the fee MGM was paying him, he hoped to realize his longtime dream of starting an airline providing passenger and freight service between the islands of Oahu, Maui, and Hawaii. But now his thoughts were of the perils of piloting the B-1 Ryan, a plane he had never flown before, 2,700 miles nonstop across the country with a large, hungry animal as his sole passenger. Jensen had been assured by Smith and Al Barnes that Leo would be well behaved, but the lion had never ridden in an airplane buffeted by turbulence or been flung about in the flashing, thundering cauldron of an electrical storm, and there was no telling how he would react. Jensen had decided to take no chances—unbeknownst to the MGM officials, he was packing a pistol in his leather flight jacket.

In the center of the field sat the shiny new Ryan Brougham, the large, black lettering "M.G.M. LION" standing out boldly on its taut canvas skin. The Mahoney engineers had installed a large steel cage, enclosed by plate glass except for air intakes, directly behind the cockpit so photographers and spectators could get a good look at Leo. Switches next to the pilot's seat opened and closed pipes that carried milk and water from two overhead tanks into a small trough in the cage. The Ryan was a sturdy, dependable flying machine, as Lindbergh had proven, but it did have one significant deficiency: there was no radio in the cockpit—so, the pilot could contact people on the ground only by flare pistol, hand signals, or dropped messages.

Shortly before 10:00 A.M., a truck parked next to the airplane, and Leo, his fur freshly washed and his mane neatly combed, was led up a ramp into his cage where he reclined majestically. As cameras flashed and whirred, Martin Jensen,

BOTH PHOTOS COURTESY RYAN AERONAUTICAL LIBRARY, SAN DIEGO AERO-SPACE MUSEUM

On a cold, foggy September morning in 1927, stunt pilot Martin Jensen waited on a dirt airstrip near San Diego **(left)** ***to take Leo the MGM lion in a converted Ryan Brougham on a publicized nonstop flight to New York. With Leo sitting peacefully in his cage aboard the small plane, the intrepid Jensen said goodbye to his wife Peg and flew off into Western skies that held unwelcome fortune.***

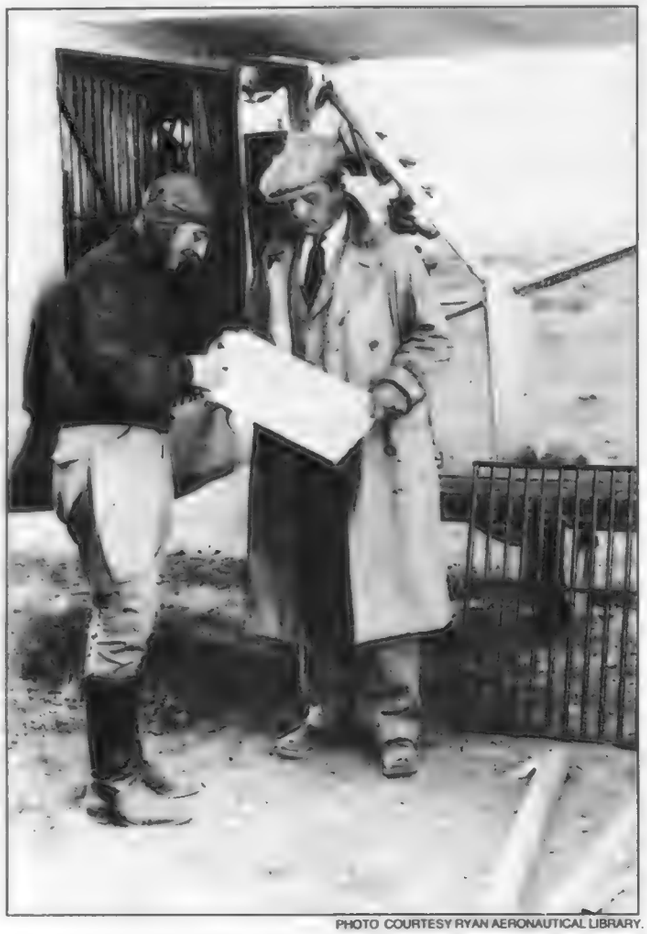


PHOTO COURTESY RYAN AERONAUTICAL LIBRARY.

Pilot Martin Jensen conferred with aircraft manufacturer B. F. Mahoney before the flying lion trek.

Martin Jensen, Aviation Pioneer

Martin Jensen, the daring pilot who took Leo aloft, is living in San Diego, only recently retired. He reminisces fondly about his years as a stunt flyer in the movies. Since the early 1920s Jensen has been interested in the engineering aspects of aviation, building a plane himself in 1925 using old Navy parts to assemble the engine. For over seventeen years Jensen worked in the engineering department of McDonnell Douglas Aircraft Corporation, concerned chiefly with safety features. In his "retirement," he is involved in developing new devices for helicopters.

Jensen recalls the ill-fated excursion with Leo, the MGM lion. When the two adventurers crashed in the Arizona canyon, typically Leo was roaring. With amusement, Jensen relates his reception by the first people he encountered after hiking for miles over rough country, looking for help. He asked to use the telephone and was told that would be impossible because there was a man lost out there and they had to keep the line open for any reports about him.

resplendent in jodhpurs and riding boots provided by the MGM costume department, stepped forward to pose under the wing. Pete Smith came forward to shake his hand, his wife kissed him goodbye, and then he clambered into the cockpit. Moments later the cylinders of the Ryan's 220-horsepower Wright Whirlwind engine coughed harshly, belched clouds of blue exhaust, and roared to life, spinning the varnished wooden prop into a silvery blur. As the small crowd waved and cheered and cameramen cranked away frantically, the plane lurched and bounced down the field and wobbled slowly into the air.

IN THE CRAMPED COCKPIT, MARTIN JENSEN SAT RIGID, ONE hand clutching the stick, the other brandishing his pistol; when the plane had rolled over a large bump in the field, Leo had leaped to his feet, growling ferociously. Soon, however, Jensen was too busy trying to keep his sluggish, overloaded plane in the air to worry about Leo. The lion weighed 350 pounds, the cage and its surrounding plate glass weighed 400 pounds, and there were some 3,200 pounds of gasoline in the fuel tanks under the cage. Jensen slowly coaxed the groaning ship higher until it was above the fog and the peaks of the Laguna Mountains and then put it into a gentle glide out across the sunny California desert. As the plane leveled off and droned east over the towns of El Centro and Imperial, Jensen relaxed and piped some milk back to Leo who had been quiet since his snarling outburst on takeoff. Shortly after noon the muddy ribbon of the Colorado River passed under the Ryan's wings, and Jensen eased the aircraft's nose northeast toward Phoenix, Arizona. The sun was high in the sky, and waves of heat rippled off the desert floor below, where the temperature was well over 100 degrees. Suddenly the engine stuttered, and the airplane began to bounce and jerk alarmingly in the hot, shifting air currents.

Leo was oblivious to the rough ride; after finishing his snack of milk, he rolled over and went to sleep. His loud, purring snores reverberated through the plate glass of the cage into the stifling cockpit where Jensen, soaked with sweat, was manipulating stick, rudder, and throttle in a vain effort to keep his ship on course at a steady altitude. Despite his efforts, the Ryan slipped lower and lower as it passed north of Phoenix and approached the jagged flanks of the Mazatzal Mountains. Leo continued to doze while Jensen, his heart in his mouth, weaved the sinking plane through a narrow pass and made one final attempt to gain altitude as the dark, forested rampart of the Mogollon Rim loomed ahead. The Wright engine howled as he opened up the throttle, but it did not have the power to pull the overloaded ship any higher in the light air. Jensen began to look for a place to land, but the ground below was too steep and rocky. In desperation, he banked into a deep canyon, hoping against hope that it would lead through the Rim, but it did not. Completely boxed in, he put the plane into a shallow glide, reduced the airspeed, and stalled tail-first into a large clump of oak trees.

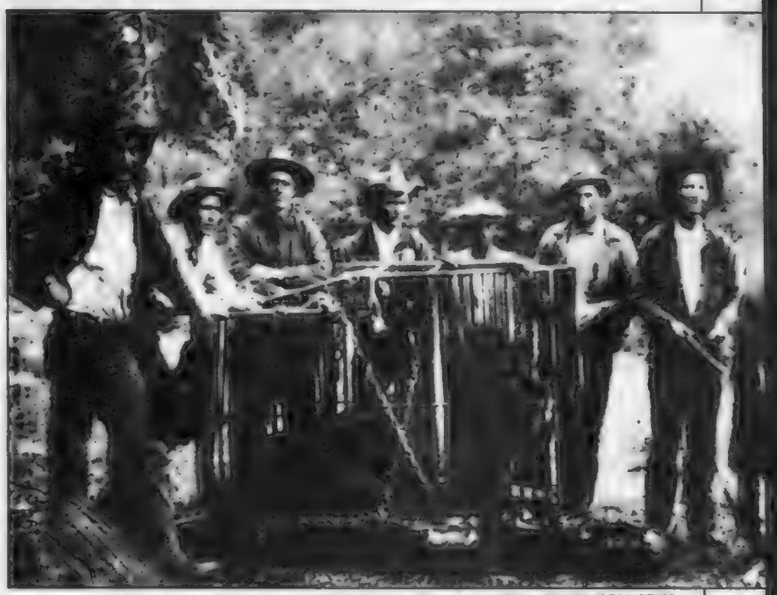
With a splintering screech the Ryan plowed through the tree tops; the prop bit into the canopy of leaves and shattered when it struck a thick branch. The entire plane bucked and shuddered

as the engine died, and then with a creaking metallic groan it rolled slowly over on its wing and crashed to the ground in a cloud of dust, twigs, and canvas shreds. For several minutes Jensen lay stunned in the upside-down cockpit. Remarkably, he was unhurt except for a slight cut over his right eye and several scrapes and bruises. When his mind cleared and he remembered who his passenger was, he scrambled out of the wreck and climbed the nearest tree, but the steel-and-glass cage was intact, and Leo had landed catlike on his feet, uninjured. Jensen peeled a dangling strip of aluminum from the bottom of the Ryan's shattered fuselage, fashioned it into a container, and filled it with water from the small stream that ran through the canyon. Gingerly, he slid open one of the panels of the cage and poured the water into Leo's trough. Then he recovered a bag of battered sandwiches from the cockpit and gave half of them to the bewildered lion. Putting the remainder in his jacket pocket, he set off down the stream in search of help.

THE CUL-DE-SAC WHERE THE PLANE CRASHED WAS ON THE headwaters of Tonto Creek, approximately four miles south of the settlement of Kohls Ranch and fifteen miles east of the town of Payson. When Jensen left the site of the wreck at 3:00 P.M., he followed the stream running southeast, away from both communities. Ignorant of this geographic fact, he stumbled on over boulders and through stands of thick scrub, muttering imprecations at the costume director who had insisted he wear the lion tamer's outfit. Hours passed, evening shadows crept across the canyon, and exhausted by the day's events, Jensen lay down under a bush and fell asleep.

In Culver City, MGM officials had received no news of the whereabouts of Jensen and Leo since a confirmed sighting just before noon at Dixieland, California, on the edge of the Imperial Valley. At sunset the airplane was scheduled to be on a course between Amarillo, Texas, and Oklahoma City, but the telephone and telegraph lines were ominously silent, and as the evening wore on, Pete Smith became alarmed. By noon the next day, September 17, his alarm had turned to outright fear. A large crowd of eager spectators was waiting at Roosevelt Field in New York for the much-ballyhooed arrival of the flying lion, but the Ryan Brougham was still missing. Later that afternoon, with the plane hours overdue, Smith reluctantly ordered the MGM representatives in New York to send the crowd home. He then called Mahoney Aircraft and the Naval Air Station in San Diego to organize a search.

In San Diego on the morning of the eighteenth, Martin Jensen's wife awoke and heard newsboys on the street beneath her hotel window yelling that her husband and Leo were missing. Dressing quickly, she jumped into a cab and raced to the Mahoney Aircraft plant where a squadron of search planes was about to take off. Peg Jensen was no stranger to flying—she and Martin had been married by a daredevil judge in the open cockpit of a Curtiss Jenny, high above Yuma, Arizona—and she was not about to sit and wring her hands while other people looked for her husband. Donning a pair of mechanic's coveralls, she jumped into the cockpit of a waiting Ryan with Mahoney's chief test pilot, J. J. "Red" Harrigan, and they



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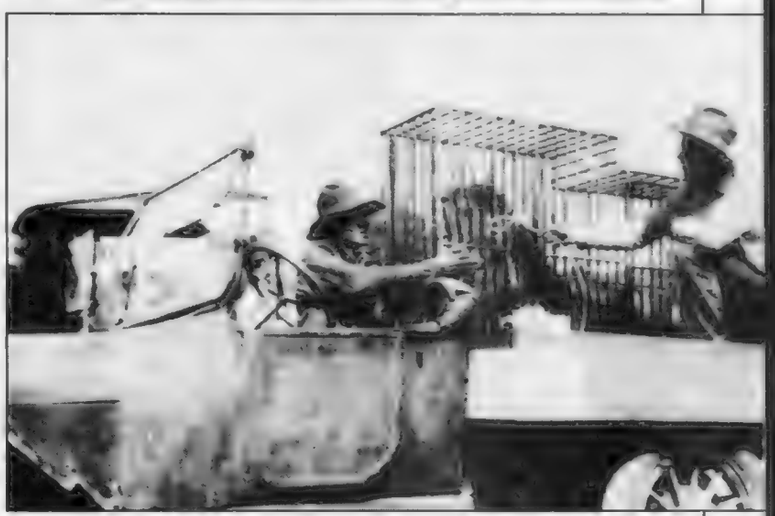

Cowboys from neighboring ranches posed with Leo in the rugged area where they found him, still in his cage, weak from lack of food and water. After a long, jouncing sled-ride, Leo was loaded in a car and driven to the town of Payson. Enjoying the traditional multiple lives of cats, Leo lived to roar for MGM talkies and to become the moving symbol for his studio.

roared off toward Imperial Valley, followed by four other Mahoney aircraft.

The Mahoney squadron, joined by two Navy search planes from North Island Air Station, fanned out as it flew east on a course roughly parallel to the one Jensen had followed. Throughout the long, hot day the searchers crisscrossed the desert, from the Laguna Mountains to the Colorado River, and from the Mexican border to the Salton Sea, but they saw no trace of the missing flyer. Late in the afternoon the Navy plane and four of the Mahoney ships turned back to San Diego, while Red Harrigan and Peg Jensen put down at Yuma, intent on continuing the hunt the next day.

Along the banks of Tonto Creek, Martin Jensen was still hiking downstream. He was hungry, and his back and legs ached from the jolt of the crash and from sleeping on the ground, but he doggedly staggered on along the rough, overgrown streambed. A torrential thunderstorm drenched him, and while fording the swollen creek, he was nearly swept off his feet by a wall of muddy water. Still, he was sure civilization lay ahead, and he kept going. Late in the afternoon he spotted a small herd of cattle and followed them, thinking they would lead him to a ranch. Instead, they led him in a wide circle around a mountain. As darkness fell he encountered a pack of coyotes, and unable to scare them away, he spent a chilly, miserable night huddled high in a tree.

"Desert Wastes Hold Fate of Daring Flyer!" screamed banner headlines in Los Angeles on the morning of September 19. Exhausted by his long vigil beside the telephone but jubilant at the coverage the MGM trademark was receiving, Pete Smith was trying to persuade a swarm of reporters that Jensen's disappearance was not a pre-arranged stunt. Many of them remained unconvinced until that evening when a message was received from Globe, Arizona: Martin Jensen had walked into the H-Bar Ranch south of Payson that afternoon, wet, hungry, and tattered, but alive, bringing the news that Leo the lion was also still alive. The glad tidings had been transmitted to Peg Jensen in Yuma, and she and Red Harrigan were winging toward Phoenix, where they would pick up a car and drive to Apache Lodge on Roosevelt Lake to meet Martin.

WITH JENSEN NOW ACCOUNTED FOR, THE FOCUS OF concern shifted to Leo, alone in his cage without food or water, somewhere in the rugged country beneath the Mogollon Rim. Pete Smith ordered Jack Fowler, one of Al Barnes's best animal trainers, to load a cage into an MGM truck and leave immediately for Arizona to direct the rescue of the stranded lion. While waiting at Apache Lodge for Fowler's arrival, Peg and Martin Jensen and Red Harrigan tried to pinpoint the crash site and recruit a posse to ride to Leo's aid. The entire group planned to rendezvous at Kohls Ranch on the twentieth and proceed south on horseback to Tonto Creek and the canyon that held the wrecked airplane.

Meanwhile, the incredible novelty of a Hollywood stunt lion's falling out of the sky had electrified drowsy Gila County, and from Payson to Pine, from San Carlos to Globe, the locals were plotting their own rescue expeditions. Word reached Apache Lodge that the dogcatcher in Globe had announced his intention to capture Leo and put him on display. This ambitious public servant had been restrained only when the local judge informed him that his dogcatching jurisdiction extended to the city limits, not to Kohls Ranch some one hundred miles distant, and in any event Leo was a lion, not a dog. The confusion about Leo's species and genus extended to Payson where a band of tipsy ranchhands had decided they would find the lion, rope him, and hold him for ransom. These would-be rustlers quickly abandoned their plans when the Payson sheriff told them that Leo was an African, not a mountain, lion and that he was undoubtedly very hungry after his enforced fast.

On the morning of the twentieth the Jensens, Red Harrigan, Jack Fowler, and a party of eleven cowboys climbed into the saddle at Kohls Ranch and set out to find Leo. They moved south through the steep, broken country as rapidly as possible, fearful not only that a band of local lion-nappers might be on the trail ahead of them, but that Leo might be near death after four days without food or water. A cowboy named Ham Eubanks, riding ahead with a rough map drawn by Martin Jensen, was the first to reach the downed plane.

Leo was lying flat in his cage, and he did not raise his head as the horseman drew near. Only when Eubanks began shouting to guide the rest of the group to the crash site did the weary lion look up. His ribs were showing, and his fur was matted and infested with fleas, but after a long drink of water, a meal of fresh meat, and a liberal dousing with sheep dip, Leo revived considerably and began to move about in his cage. While the Jensens and Red Harrigan picked over the twisted remains of the Ryan to determine if anything could be salvaged, the cowboys built a crude sled of oak branches. With Jack Fowler directing, they hoisted the cage out of the shattered fuselage and onto the sled and began dragging Leo toward civilization.

After a jouncing, four-hour sled-ride, Leo was loaded into the MGM truck and driven to a garage in Payson. Martin and Peg Jensen flew back to the west coast—and into obscurity—while Leo remained in Payson, feasting on Arizona beef and enjoying his celebrity status. In Los Angeles, Pete Smith was also basking in the glow of his unprecedented public relations triumph. Hollywood pundits estimated that the crash of the Ryan had netted MGM five times the publicity it would have received if the plane had landed in New York as planned.

On October 5, 1927, a full-page ad appeared in *Variety*, showing a cartoon Leo smiling and saying, "Isn't it great to be with a company that's always doing things!" For Smith it was the high point of his public relations career. But for Leo it was only a prelude to immortality. He returned to Hollywood in October, just in time to go before the cameras to film the opening credits of MGM's first talkie, *White Shadows in the South Seas*. When the klieg lights flashed on and the cameras rolled, Leo—perhaps thinking of the vicissitudes of movie promotion and the ups and downs of cross-country flying—threw back his regal head and emitted the magnificent, angry roar that would forever after be the signature of MGM.

Joseph E. Stevens *is a writer specializing in western Americana. His article* "Building a Dream: Hoover Dam and the Southwest" *appeared in* AMERICAN WEST, *July/August 1984.*

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790

THOSE PANTS

From workmen's duds to jet-set chic

by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

THAT LEVI GAVE US

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I STARTED WEARING LEVI'S IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DURING the Depression. My first memory of what were then heavy, baggy, unfashionable, but hard-to-wear-out, riveted work pants is kind of ridiculous, but very vivid. Still a teenager, I had joined friends in a Saturday night game of "Sardines"—one of those athletically titillating frolics, a step above Post Office and Spin-the-Bottle and popular among adolescents of the time—where you turn out the lights, and everybody clusters on top shelves in the closet or somewhere else in the pitch blackness, while the person who's "It" gropes around trying to find everyone else. A few of us were squeezed together in a bathtub, concealed pretty well until a wag turned on the shower in the darkness. Despite the drenching, I remember being unconcerned. I had on Levi's, and as I knew they would, they dried quickly and shrank, giving the pants a neater fit and a lighter, less cardboardy feeling.

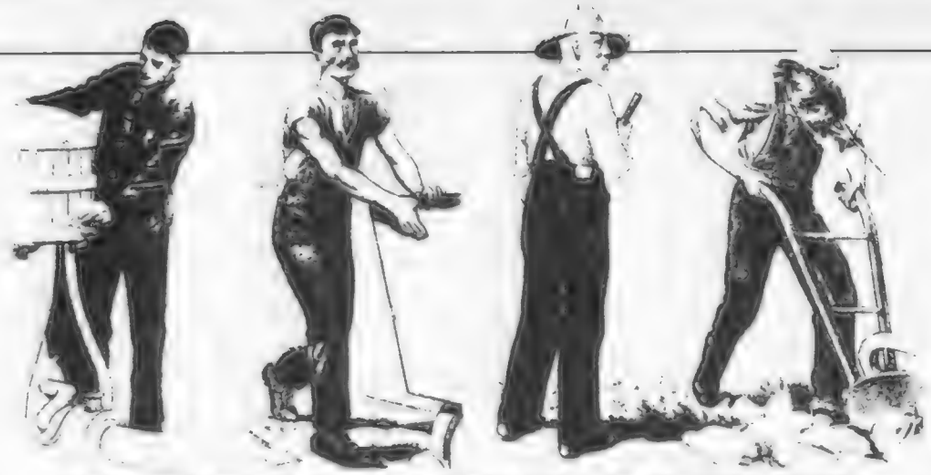
At that time, Levi's were only a bit more than sixty years old and were still destined to sweep America and the world in a burst of popularity. I think that most wearers didn't yet call them Levi's, but rather blue jeans—the latter word a very old one that came originally from *Gêne,* the French for Genoa, where a certain kind of durable twilled cotton cloth was made. At any rate, their distribution had been limited for generations to the Western states, where miners, lumberjacks, cowboys, teamsters, and others who were engaged in rough, outdoor work had been buying them since their invention.

At some point in the intervening years, a romantic story had arisen concerning the start of the unique, hard-wearing pants that had "helped to win the West." It told of a young German-Jewish immigrant named Levi Strauss, who arrived in San Francisco during the Gold Rush and began peddling tent canvas and other goods to the miners in the motherlode country. One day, a distraught prospector told him that what the men at the diggings really needed was sturdy pants that didn't wear through quickly and that had tightly attached pockets that wouldn't tear off when they were stuffed with rock samples. Levi listened and had a tailor fashion such a pair from his toughest canvas. Soon he was selling them, and in no time at all the demand for "those pants of Levi's" put him in the manufacturing business.

The actual story is a bit different but just as intriguing a chapter in the history of America's West. Born in Buttenheim, Germany, in 1829, the son of a dry goods salesman named Hirsch Strauss, Levi emigrated to America in 1847, two years after his father died. In New York, hardly able to speak English and without a trade, he joined two older brothers, Jonas and Louis, who had preceded him and were making a living as dry goods merchants. With merchandise supplied by his brothers, Levi tramped through the hills and valleys of New York State, and then Kentucky, carrying packs weighing up to 100 pounds and selling needles, thread, pots, pans, scissors, buttons, duck cloth, ribbons, and inexpensive denim jeans from house to house.

The no-nonsense miners on the opposite page paused for a photograph at the Last Chance Mine in Placer County, California, in 1882. They are wearing the sturdy, riveted workpants that Levi Strauss & Co. called waist-high overalls, forerunner of today's popular jeans. At the right, Levi Strauss is a prosperous San Francisco businessman in his late forties, a leader in industry and philanthropic activities.

In 1852, David Stern, a former peddler in St. Louis who had married Levi's sister, Fanny, and gone to San Francisco in 1851, urged Levi to come to California, the glittering new land of fortune and opportunity. Advised by Stern what goods would be in demand in San Francisco, Levi loaded himself down with bolts of cloth and other merchandise and, with his New York brothers' blessings, set sail from the East. After a three-months' journey, he arrived in the bustling gold-rush city on March 14, 1853. Stern's counsel had been sound, and Levi found little trouble in selling his goods. He wrote to Jonas



TWO HORSE BRAND OVERALLS ARE MADE FOR MEN OF EVERY TRADE

and Louis to hurry and send more, letting them know of the big profits that could be made in California where prices were much higher than in the East. Meanwhile, he replenished his stock again and again at auctions of merchandise held on newly arrived ships.

Soon, Levi and David opened a shop built on pilings on an appendage to a wharf at the foot of Sacramento Street. Their stock was not large, but between the auctions on the ships and the goods sent by Louis and Jonas, there was always merchandise to sell, and their profits mounted. In 1856 Levi and David moved to larger quarters and turned from retailing to wholesaling. Loading trunks of hats, shirts, canvas, cloth, and other wares on wagons, Levi trundled among the mining camps and settlements in the Sierra foothills, selling to retail merchants and tailors. By the 1860s the firm was also jobbing for manufacturers and issuing catalogues that included Irish linen, Belgian lace, and other fine European imports forwarded by Jonas and Louis from New York. The company was known as one of San Francisco's biggest and most prosperous dry goods houses.

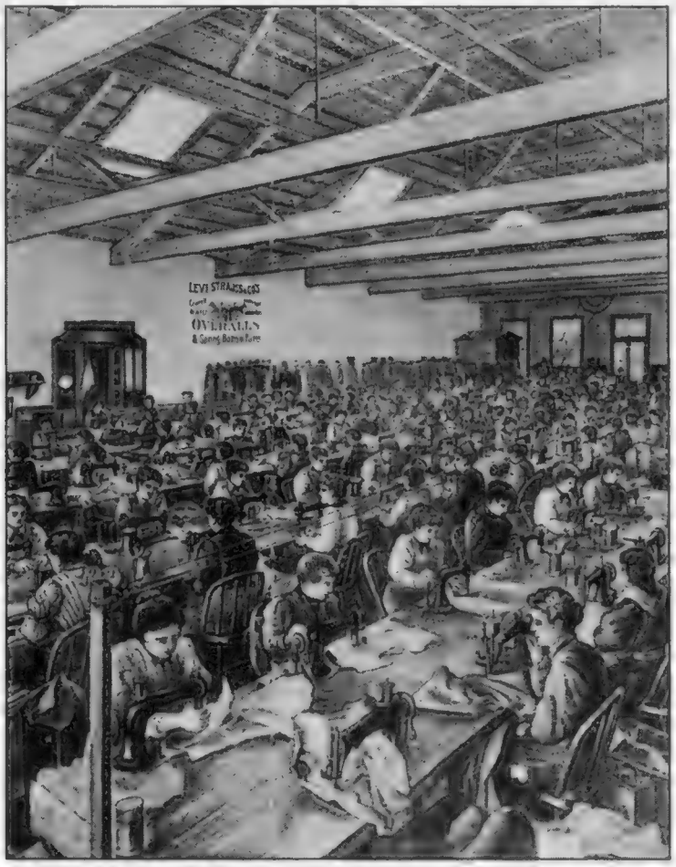
LEVI HAD ALSO BECOME A CITIZEN, AND THE FIRM HAD A name. In deference to Levi, the chief organizer and best business head in the family, it was called Levi Strauss & Co. ("Strauss Brothers," their first choice, was already claimed by someone else.) Besides Levi, there were four partners—Jonas and Louis, Fanny's husband David, and William Sahlein, the husband of Levi's oldest sister, Mary. In 1866, the company built a splendid new building at 14–16 Battery Street, with a cast-iron front, a newly patented freight elevator, and four floors of domestic and imported clothing, household furnishings, and dry goods. Ten salesmen were on the road in California and neighboring states and territories, and annual sales had reached $3 million.

Though the firm sold some goods produced under contract in New York, it so far manufactured nothing of its own in the West. In 1872 that changed, setting the company on a course that would ultimately make it world famous. In July of that year, the partners received a letter from one of their customers, a tailor in Reno, Nevada, named Jacob Davis. Born in 1831 in the Baltic seaport of Riga, Davis (who changed his name from Jacob Youphes) emigrated to New York in 1854. After a series of successes and failures as a journeyman tailor, miners' outfitter, brewery operator, and tobacconist in Maine and various Western mining centers, he settled down to his original trade as a tailor in Reno, Nevada, near the Comstock mines. Buying rolls of off-white duck cloth from Levi Strauss & Co., he did a small business making tents, wagon covers, and horse blankets for local teamsters.

One day in December 1870, a woman came into Davis's shop and asked him if he could make an extra-strong pair of pants for her husband, a woodcutter with a huge build. Davis was already aware of the poor quality of clothes being sold to outdoor workers. Miners, surveyors, and others commonly complained of pants that came apart and pockets that ripped off, and on occasion Davis had experimented with especially strong stitches for pockets. Agreeing to make a sturdy, oversized pair of pants for the woodcutter for three dollars, he set to work, cutting the garment from his strongest material, a ten-ounce (the weight per square yard of the cloth) duck twill that he used for tents and horse blankets. After he had sewn the pieces together, he noticed some rivets that he used to attach the straps and crouper to his horse blankets. "The rivets were lying on the table," he said later, "and the thought struck me to fasten the pockets with those rivets."

For a while, the woodcutter was the only man to wear what later became Levi's. But others saw them, and in the following month four people asked Davis to make them similar pairs. The next month he got ten orders, and the month after that, a dozen. Soon, he was selling them as fast as he could make them, hammering the rivets to strengthen the seams and pockets, and adding a version made of a nine-ounce blue denim that he had also purchased from Levi Strauss. By 1872, he was worried. He had sold more than 200 pairs, and their success was being eyed by would-be competitors. Lacking the money for patent fees, as well as a system for wider distribution that he knew would make a fortune, he had a friend help him write a letter to the only source he thought might assist him, the "Gents" of his supplier, "Mess. Levi Strauss & Co." Enclosing two pairs of his pants for their inspection, he proposed that they help him get a patent and go into business with him.

"The secratt of them Pents," he explained, "is the Rivits that I put in those Pockets and I found the demand so large that I cannot make them up fast enough . . . my nabors are getting yealouse of these success and unless I secure it by Patent Papers it will soon become a general thing. Everybody will make



Labeled "Levi Strauss & Co.'s Overall Factory" the drawing shows the San Francisco workplace for over 500 women who made garments for the company on the piece-work system in the early 1900s. In the photograph, one of the sewing machine operators works on Levi's overalls.

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them up and thare will be no money in it."

Levi and his partners examined the pants and acted swiftly, enlisting attorneys to apply for a patent for Davis and themselves. The first application was rejected by the Patent Office, which pointed out that similar rivets had been employed during the Civil War to fasten the tongues and seams in boots worn by the Northern troops. It took three changes before the patent for the riveted pants was finally granted on May 20, 1873. Meanwhile, Davis moved to San Francisco, and after conferences with the partners of Levi Strauss, agreed to supervise production of the pants, leaving the sales to the company.

At first, the pants were produced on a piece-rate basis by women working in their homes. On June 5, 1873, the company sold its first pair, made from the ten-ounce white duck. Two weeks later, it sold its first pair of denim (a word derived from serge de Nîmes, a cloth made in Nîmes, France). Sales to retailers were soon so brisk that Davis's seamstresses could not keep up with the demand. Work at home was ended, and some sixty women were installed at sewing machines in the loft of a building on Fremont Street. The partners added riveted hunting coats and blanket-lined pants to their line, and by the end of 1873 had sold 1,800 dozen pants and coats.

With success, Levi Strauss himself became a well-known, respected civic leader in San Francisco. Dark complected, with heavy-lidded eyes and neatly groomed sideburns and beard, he was a familiar figure in the commercial life of the city. As his wealth increased, both from the dry goods house and the riveted clothing (in 1874, sales of the latter were up to 5,875 dozen and still rising), Levi invested in real estate and other businesses, sometimes for the firm, sometimes for himself. A bachelor all his life, he made his home with David and Fanny Stern and their children but spent much of his time with his growing interests, including civic improvements and philanthropies.

In 1874, David Stern died. Soon afterward, the widowed Fanny married another of the partners, William Sahlein, whose wife Mary (Levi's older sister) had died seven years earlier. William and his family moved in with Fanny, and Levi continued to live with them. It was the beginning of the end, however, for the first generation of partners. In 1881, Louis Strauss and William Sahlein both died, and Jonas became inactive. Three years later, Fanny died, leaving four sons to run the firm with aging Levi.

BOYS OVERALLS — MADE IN BLUE BLACK AND BROWN

Around the turn of the century, the company's ads for their sturdy pants were aimed at "those engaged in manual labor," like these hard-working but happy cowboys on the range.

MEANWHILE, DEMAND FOR THE DURABLE PANTS WAS spreading through the West. The firm advertised the riveted clothes as "excellently adapted to the use of those engaged in manual labor." Persons who bought them found that they lived up to their claim, in turn becoming walking advertisements for them; and gradually the riveted clothes were adopted almost as a work uniform by growing numbers of ranch-hands, farmers, lumbermen, hard-rock miners, gandy dancers, freighters, and other Westerners whose labor was ordinarily hard on their clothes. Levi Strauss & Co. referred to the riveted pants as waist-high overalls, though their official designation was Double X (for strength) blue denim 501s (their lot number). The factory was expanded to 250 workers, and the product became standardized in two lines, off-white or tan duck and indigo-dyed blue denim. The nine-ounce Double X denim, the heaviest fabric on the market, was manufactured for the company by a single mill, Amoskeag in New England.

In addition to their rivets, the low-slung, straight-legged pants that could be tucked into boots, and that faded and shrank to give a tight fit when washed, had a number of distinctive elements that set them off from competitive products. They were stitched with a strong, orange linen thread (to match the rivets' copper color) and had metal buttons embossed with the manufacturer's name, as well as two curving Vs stitched across the back pockets, and a printed oilcloth guarantee tacked to the seat with an engraving of two men whipping horses that were trying to pull apart a pair of the riveted pants. The guarantee promised "a new pair FREE" if the owner's pants ripped. In 1886, a leather label was sewn permanently on the pants, and much later, in 1936, a small red tab with the word "Levi's" was attached to the right rear pocket.

Through the years, the pants remained essentially the same, retaining the original style and cut marketed by Levi Strauss, and undergoing only a few minor changes. One of them was the sheathing of the rivets on the rear pockets, agreed to after complaints that they scratched objects like saddles and children's school desks. Another was the elimination of the crotch rivet. Cowboys and others, standing around fires, would suddenly bellow with pain as the rivet heated. When Walter Haas, Sr., a later president of the company, suffered the same unpleasant experience at a mountain campfire, that particular rivet was done away with.

In 1902, Levi Strauss, honored as a pioneer merchant, philanthropist, and board member of other businesses and civic projects in San Francisco, died. The wholesale district was closed during his funeral, and flags were flown at half mast. His nephews, Fanny Stern's four sons, took over management of the firm. Four years later, the great San Francisco earthquake and fire destroyed the company's Battery Street building. While the firm constructed a brand new, six-story, yellow-brick wholesale "store" at nearby 98 Battery Street, as well as a new, half-block-long factory on Valencia Street, the Sterns continued to pay the salaries of their employees, who were waiting to return to work. The decision was consistent with a feeling about the company that was engendered by Levi and has continued until today. Everyone at Levi Strauss & Co. was "family." Its ownership and management, as far as possible, was composed of members of the close-knit family, and everyone working for the company would be treated with warmth and consideration as if they, too, were "family." The policy made for good working relations and a high esprit de corps.

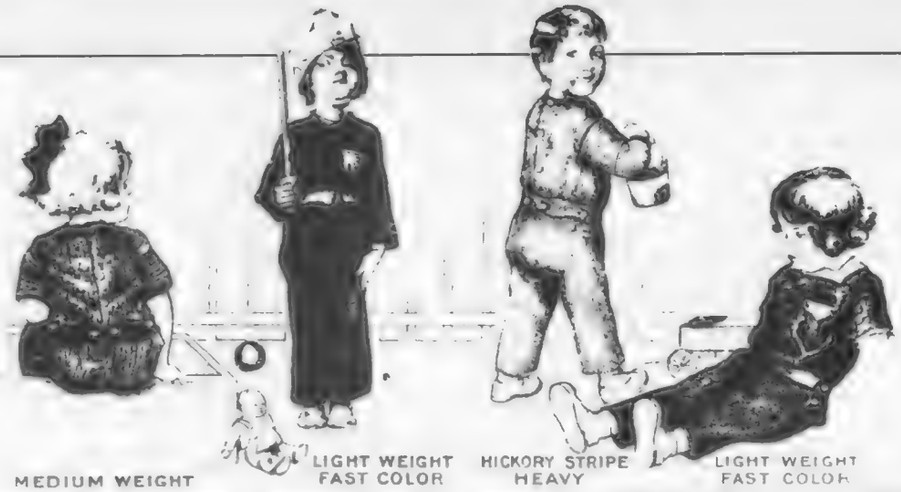
In 1912 the firm developed a new product, a one-piece, blue denim overall for children. Called a Koverall and selling for seventy-five cents, it was manufactured in many variations of sturdy playclothes that buttoned up the front, and nighties with a drop-seat in back. Advertised as "The Kind of Klose that Keep Kids Clean," the Koverall was the first Levi Strauss product to be sold nationally.

Despite some success with the new children's line, the company did not flourish in the years that followed. The riveted work clothes were still wholesaled only in the West, and sales reached a plateau and stayed there. The profit margin remained small, and the firm just barely managed to survive the Great Depression of the early thirties. Management, meanwhile, had remained within the tightly knit family, passing in 1928 to Walter Haas, Sr., who had married the daughter of one of Fanny Stern's sons.

Haas brought in his brother-in-law, Daniel Koshland, and together the two men, both innovative and vigorous, kept the firm afloat. Beginning in the middle thirties, unforeseen developments began to help them. The riveted pants were still the company's staple, and their time had come. During the next fifty years, Haas, his sons Walter, Jr., and Peter, and his grandson Robert, working with an able and dedicated team of executives, producers, and merchandisers, would seize oppor-

all over the west they wear

LEVI STRAUSS & CO.'S
COPPER RIVETED
Overalls.



tunities, make "Levi's" a generic term in almost every country on earth, and build the company into the largest clothing manufacturer in the world.

First off, Grade-B Western movies had become popular, and audiences across the country began to notice the pants the cowboy actors wore. At the same time, Easterners in increasing numbers began vacationing at Western dude ranches, adopting the wranglers' clothes and inducing eastern outfitting stores like Abercrombie and Fitch to stock the Double X overalls. As national sales spread, Levi Strauss & Co., which introduced a decorated Western shirt to go with the pants and jackets, played on the Western theme in its ads, linking itself alluringly with Western history and Western life. "It was a combination of luck, opportunity and imagination, and, really, our advertising people," Walter Haas, Sr., later recalled. "I can't say they put sex into it, but they put a certain imagination into the waist overall. It was different from a workman's garment."

LEVI STRAUSS & CO. WORKED HARD ON THE NEW IMAGE, though never forgetting to stress, also, the durability and wear of their product. The company established a presence at rodeos, awarding prizes to winning riders. It lent itself to stories that linked the riveted pants with the opening of the West. And in 1939, it sponsored a dramatic mechanical rodeo exhibit at the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay, raising interest in the virtues of its pants among crowds of visitors from all over the country.

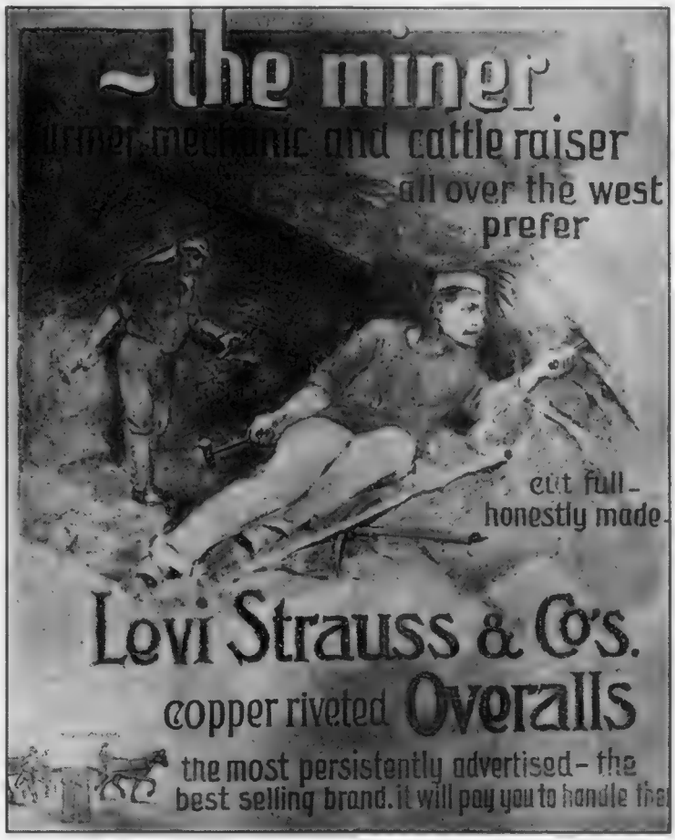
About the same time, two other things happened. Wearing the blue denim jeans began to be popular at certain West Coast schools. No one knew exactly where or when it began. There is a story that at either the University of Oregon or the University of California at Berkeley, sophomores adopted their use as a status symbol, prohibiting freshmen from wearing them. The jeans' popularity as a mark of prestige soon spread to California high schools. Suddenly, the riveted pants, which Levi Strauss & Co. had worked to identify first with workmen and then Westerners, had a new image—and a new market. Almost simultaneously, retailers began to report to Levi Strauss salesmen that their customers were referring to the pants as "Levi's." On Battery Street, the company realized that it had a new trademark.

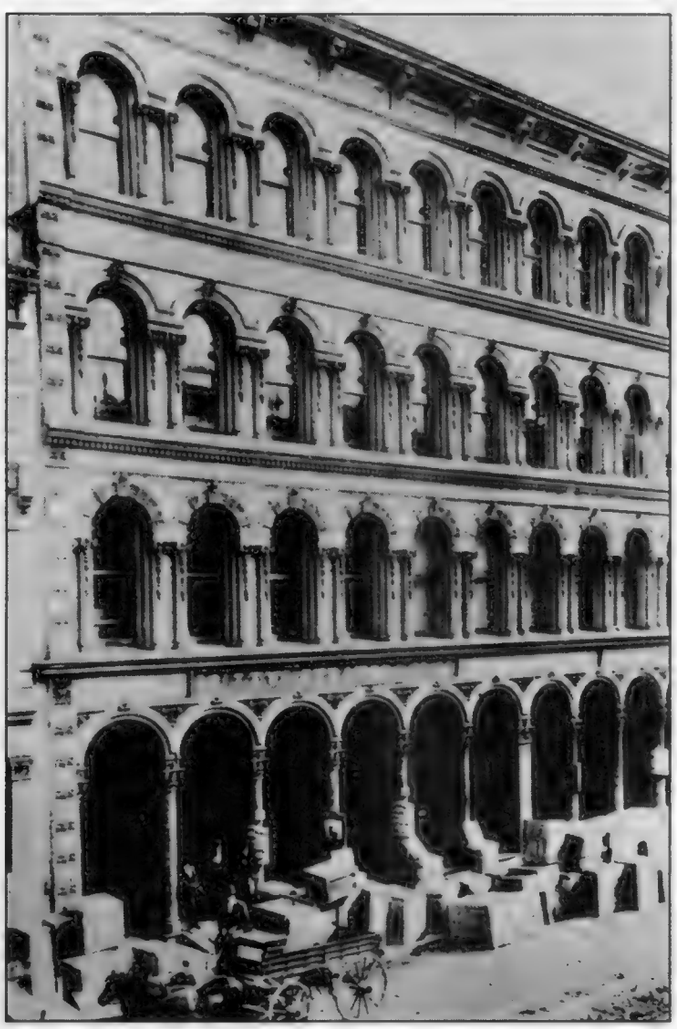
During World War II, the term became a household word and was associated in the public mind with the rough clothes that Levi Strauss & Co. produced for workers in shipyards and defense plants across the nation. The pants became an essential product for the war effort, worn by Rosie the Riveter, stevedores, and off-duty G.I.s. With contracts also for dungarees and fur-lined parkas for the troops, the company built three new factories, including one in Wichita Falls, Texas. After the war, G.I.s continued to wear the riveted pants on college campuses, where they enrolled in throngs under the G.I. Bill of Rights, and on occupation duty in Europe and other parts of the world. The pants caught on everywhere, becoming prized articles in the post-war black markets abroad.

In 1948 the profits of the company, now the employer of 2,000 people, exceeded $1 million for the first time. The sales targets were shifting from the West and working people to youths, and from rural to urban markets. The firm finally ended the jobbing of other merchants' goods and concentrated solely on manufacturing and selling its own products. Focussing on "play clothes," it enlarged its lines, developing during the next three decades a succession of new products, including sportswear, wash pants, women's clothes, pre-shrunk denims, garments of corduroy, "stretch" clothes of polyester and cotton, vests, sweaters, blazers, light blue pants, and a line of "Sta-Prest," or permanent-press clothes.

But it was the traditional blue denim Levi's that continued to make history. Already popular among youths, in the 1950s they became the rage and acquired an enduring mystique. Worn by James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause* and Marlon Brando in *The Wild Ones*, they came to symbolize rebellion, freedom, and individuality to millions of teenagers and young adults. From the period of the Beatniks through the Age of Aquarius, they became the uniform of one movement after another. Mario Savio, leader of the defiant Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, wore them. They were the clothes of "on-the-road," middle-class, hitchhiking youths, of the civil rights workers who traveled south in the 1960s, of the marchers against the Vietnam War, of the rock-and-roll bands, the communes, and the drug cults. In the 1970s, they were the leisure clothes of Americans in every trade and profession, including a President of the United States.

Levi's became chic, fashionable, and sought-after in almost every country of the world. Internationally famous designers like Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, and Gloria Vanderbilt pre-





Since Levi Strauss & Co. served retailers, this early-twentieth-century ad sought to persuade merchants to carry the two-horse-trademark brand of overalls for all their "rough-on-clothing" customers. The company's handsome headquarters at 14–16 Battery Street in San Francisco housed four floors of clothing, household furnishings, and dry goods. This building was destroyed in the 1906 earthquake and fire.

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shrank and pre-faded them, put their names on them, and sold them at stupendous prices to the rich and well dressed. Americans, traveling abroad, found them being snapped up and worn in the Soviet Union and other communist countries, as well as in the free world. Yet though Levi's became a universal phenomenon, with a host of imitators, they were still basically Western and American—as Western as the turbulent mining regions of yesterday that had produced them, and as American as the 1970s "Oh wow!" generation of which, according to Charles Reich's *The Greening of America,* they were a hallmark.

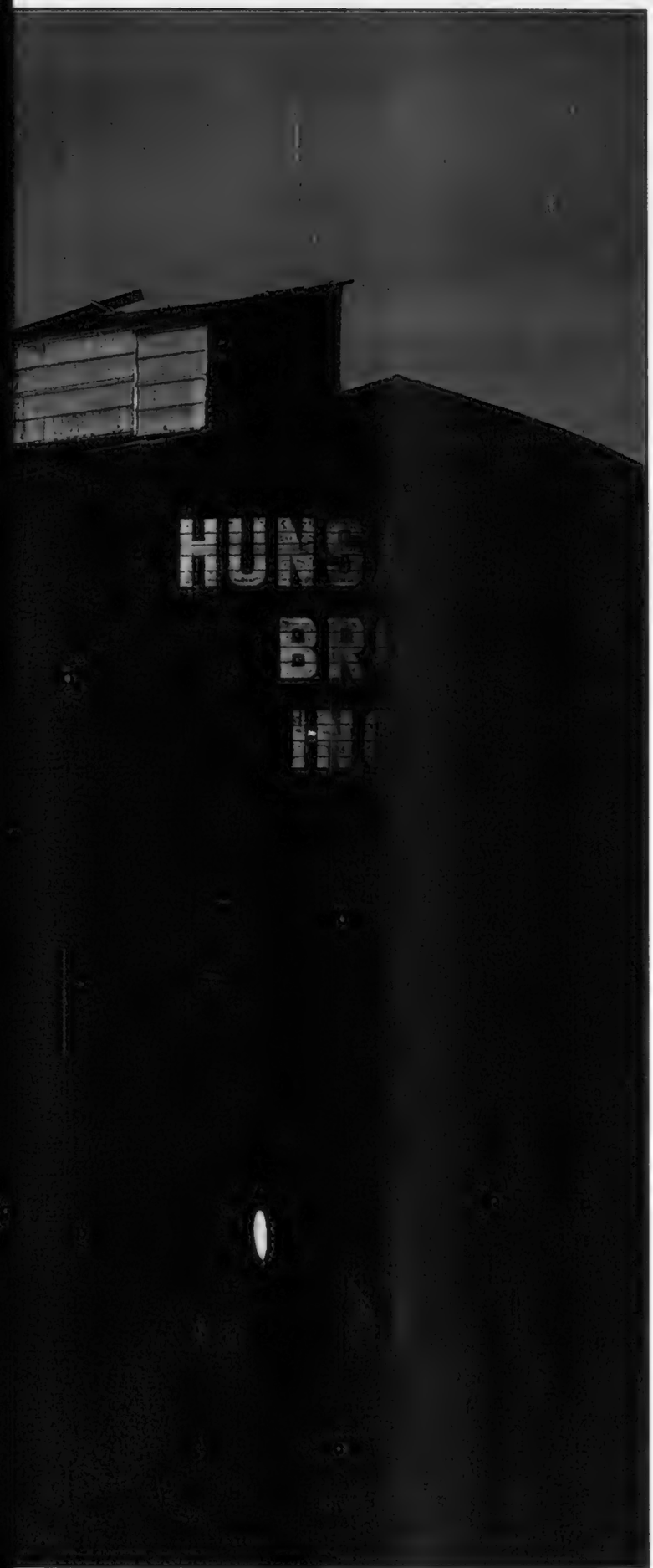
By the 1980s, Levi Strauss & Co., which had "gone public" in the stock market in 1971 in order to raise capital for its dramatic expansion, became the biggest apparel business in the world. Still a family-run concern, with its headquarters in a new campus-like complex of buildings below San Francisco's Telegraph Hill, it employs about 37,000 people in over 100 plants in the United States and abroad, including Scotland, Australia, Hong Kong, Mexico, Belgium, and Argentina. Its annual sales approach $3 billion. It was the official outfitter for U.S. teams in the Olympics, the Pan American Games, and other international sporting events.

In addition, the original line of Double X blue denim 501 has become a genuine artifact of Americana. The hard-wearing, riveted pants, invented by a lowly immigrant tailor and merchandised by an immigrant peddler, in a way have taken their place with the sewing machine, the telegraph, and the electric light as an American contribution to the modern world. In the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, where the original version is now on sale, I recently bought a pair. They were stiff, oversized, cardboardy, and baggy. But there was no need to worry. Reawakening a memory of fifty years ago, I would wear them in the shower, and thereafter they would be wonderful.

Gracious acknowledgment is made to the book Levi's *by Ed Cray (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1978) for much of the information in this article. Julius L. Jacobs assisted in the collection of material and photographs for this article.*

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., *author of many works on American Indian and Western history, is president of the National Council of the Institute of the American West at Sun Valley, Idaho. Mr. Josephy is a contributing editor to AMERICAN WEST.*

Toston, Montana 1983



Abandoned Grain Elevators

Beyond the reach of team and wagon

by Wendell Berry
photographs by Laurance Aiuppy

ONCE, IN MONTANA, I HEARD A MAN DESCRIBE THE development of the farm economy of that state in terms of the lengthening distances between grain elevators. At the start, he said, the elevators were never more than twelve miles apart. No farmer, that is, lived more than six miles from an elevator, which meant that he could haul a wagonload of wheat to the elevator, unload it, and return home, all in half a day.

Then, as farming became more mechanized and transportation improved, the elevators drew farther and farther apart and, of course, grew bigger and bigger. And as the distances lengthened, costs increased.

Transportation, for example, was hardly an accountable cost when the elevators were twelve miles apart. Both the farmer and his team lived from energy produced on the farm; the farm grew the grain, and the farm harvested and transported it. When the elevator moved beyond the reach of a team and wagon, the farmer had to buy a truck, or he had to hire a truck. He had to buy the energy to run the truck. Of course, he could sell his wheat for money with which to buy the fuel to run the truck. But in doing so, he allowed two markets to interpose themselves between himself and his own use of his own earnings, and he did not control either market. Typically, both markets worked to his disadvantage. He would sell his wheat low, and buy his fuel high. Or, as now, he would sell his wheat

Miles City, Montana 1983

Three Forks, Montana 1983

on a depressed market, and buy his fuel on an inflated one.

The farmer began with an agricultural motive to produce, but so long as he controlled most of the costs of production that motive was not overpowering. But as he lost control of production costs, he came under an industrial compulsion to produce, which is alien to agriculture. From then on, no good year would be quite good enough. He would always need to produce more. He would always have to demand more of his land, and take less care of it.

In order to pay for the truck and fuel to haul his wheat to the elevator, he had to raise more wheat. In order to raise more wheat, he had to buy fertilizer. In order to pay for the fertilizer he had to raise more wheat. In order to raise more wheat he had to buy more land. In order to farm more land, he had to buy a tractor, and then a bigger tractor, and then another tractor. In order to buy and maintain and use the tractors, he had to grow more wheat.

Of course, when he no longer grew oats and hay to feed to work animals, he could put that land into wheat also. But always, now, before he could reach the good that he desired, and had earned, he had to go through the market. His productivity increased spectacularly, but his productivity cheapened his produce. The market throve, but always in the interest of the farmer's industrial competitors, and at the land's expense.

Costs increased in *both* directions. The flour milled at the local elevator, hauled home in the same wagon that hauled in the wheat, was replaced by flour of a corporate brand, milled in a distant city. And again, the transportation, once simply furnished by the farmer, must now be paid for by the farmer. The market thus began to interpose itself between the farmer's family and its own household economy. Soon this family found that it was too busy growing wheat to have time to grow a kitchen garden, or fatten a steer, or keep a flock of hens, or milk a cow. The farmer and his family thus became "consumers," the economic bond servants of the market, which they continued to supply with "an abundance of cheap food."

Farmers strove to increase production by increasing the cost of production and by increasing the size of their farms, and by using their farms harder.

As the size of the farms increased, the farmers, like the owners of grain elevators, became fewer and farther apart. For want of local trade, small agricultural communities deteriorated, like the abandoned farmsteads and grain elevators, and the deterioration of local communities, the failure of local suppliers and repair shops, further increased the cost of production for the remaining farmers, who felt that, because of rising production costs, they must produce more—at a greater cost in land, fertilizer, chemicals, machinery, taxes, and interest.

Of course, for any given farmer, this is a "progress" that cannot go on indefinitely. The ruins it leaves are not just buildings and machines and eroded land. Human lives are left standing in the weeds too.

Wilsall, Montana 1983

Wendell Berry, *a Kentucky farmer, is widely known for his award-winning verse and prose that celebrate the agrarian tradition in America. He was formerly professor of English at the University of Kentucky.*

PRIVATE COLLECTION COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING

DARING BEAUTIFUL

Sweethearts of

THOSE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GIRLS OF THE WILD WEST troupes were no timid prairie flowers. Though floor-length dresses, formidable corsets, and Victorian demeanor were expected of proper ladies at the beginning of this century, these daring Western cowgirls devised divided skirts and rode their mounts astride, thrilling spectators with the same bone-jarring feats that male riders performed.

In the 1880s only a few women, such as sharpshooter Annie Oakley, were featured in Wild West exhibitions. Most women participants rode their mounts in quadrilles and in various kinds of races and were actresses in frontier scenes. But by the middle 1890s women were performing as bronc riders, steer riders, trick riders, fancy ropers, bulldoggers, and in special events such as riding diving horses. Women made up about ten percent of the cast of Wild West exhibitions, though only a small number were stars.

COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING

WESTERN GIRLS

the Wild West Shows

Headlined in newspaper accounts, the flamboyant cowgirls were favorites of Wild West and circus audiences. Though most of the women riders were billed as being from the West, not a few came from Eastern states. May Lillie, who performed with Pawnee Bill's Historic Wild West and married her boss, came from Philadelphia and had attended Smith College in Massachusetts. In 1907 Mrs. Lillie urged other women to "tackle a bucking bronco," promising: "There is nothing to compare, to increase the joy of living, and once accomplished, . . . [they'll] have more real fun than any pink tea or theater party or ballroom ever yielded." [Glenn Shirley, *Pawnee Bill* (1958)]

Socialite Lillian Ward moved from Brooklyn to Texas where she learned about ranch life and was hired by Buffalo Bill for his Wild West troupe after he saw her ride a bronc that the ranch cowboys were unwilling to tackle. Twins Etheyle

The smiling ladies on the opposite page were rodeo cowgirls during the early part of this century. Dressed in divided skirts and bloomers, they are risking the charge of being "unladylike." Since their performances required that they forsake the sidesaddle and ride astride, they adopted divided skirts—which they had to make themselves, as tailors usually refused to be a part of this scandalous procedure. Soon, women riders began to stuff their skirts into their boot-tops to gain greater freedom of action. The next step, elastic around the hem of each half of the skirt, resulted in a modest pair of bloomers that added dash to ladies of the Wild West shows. *(Above)* ***In her performance costume, Rose Wenger of the 101 Ranch Real Wild West sits by a saddled steer between shows (circa 1915).***

Adele von Ohl
Parker
Buffalo Bill's Show

ALL PHOTOS ON THESE TWO PAGES ARE COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING

(Opposite, top left and below) ***With enthusiastic eclat, Adele Von Ohl Parker performs a flying mount, one of her special equestrian stunts for Buffalo Bill's Wild West. The vigor of Ms. Parker's pick-up trick supports her claim that she was the first woman to perform it in the arena.*** *(Opposite, top right)* ***In this saintly, studio portrait (1908), Annie Schafer belies her reputation as the first lady bronc rider.*** *(Above)* ***Glamorous Lillian Ward was billed as "The Texas Girl" in Buffalo Bill's Wild West, but she lived the life of a Brooklyn socialite before moving to Texas for her health. This vision of soft pulchritude was a bronc rider who impressed Buffalo Bill by outdoing male competitors.***

COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. FRED GARLOW COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER CODY WYOMING

In 1908 this handsome cowgirl posed on a Wild West backlot. She courted the censure of Mrs. Grundy and won the appellation "daring" hands down over her sisters by wearing male attire, including a fancy pair of woolly chaps. Perhaps that is why she is "unidentified."

and Juanita Parry left Riverhead, Long Island, as teenagers to become trick riders with the 101 Ranch Real Wild West. Adele Von Ohl Parker was raised in New Jersey where her mother ran a riding school. Miss Parker, who performed in circuses, vaudeville, and movies as well as with Buffalo Bill's Wild West, said that she never forgot her mother's advice: "No matter what you do, always be a lady."

After 1918 the popularity of Wild West exhibitions waned, and the role of cowgirls in the programs diminished. Over the years for various reasons, fewer and fewer women graced rodeo arenas. The charming photographs on these pages demonstrate that an engaging period of American lore came to an end. We miss the ladies' joy of living, their boundless vitality, their daring challenge to social custom and to life and limb—but most important, we miss the fun of it all.

The information and photographs for this feature are taken with permission from a catalogue "Beautiful Daring Western Girls: Women of the Wild West Shows" prepared by Sarah Wood-Clark for an exhibition at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. Designed by Ms. Wood-Clark, collection manager for the BBHC, the exhibition will travel to the Colorado Historical Society in Denver, Colorado, where it can be seen from October until January 1986. Between February 15 and April 27, the exhibit will be at The Western Heritage Center in Billings, Montana.

THIRD ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST

1984 Second Place Winner in the People category by Robert Rozinski of Denver, Colorado.

American West's readers are invited to interpret the traditional and changing West of 1985.

That's the theme for our Third Annual Photography contest. Get out your cameras and start looking for those people, places, animals, or things that speak to you of the West—traditional or changing. Photographs will be judged on originality and quality.

The Grand Prize Winner of our Third Annual Photography Contest will receive an AMERICAN WEST tour for two people—his or her choice of one of the following: Southwest Indian Lands, 12 days, beginning and ending in Albuquerque, New Mexico; or National Parks of the Rockies, 13 days, beginning in Jackson, Wyoming, and ending in Great Falls, Montana; or Idaho Scenic Adventure, 8 days, beginning in Spokane, Washington, and ending in Boise, Idaho. Tour operator is Maupintour. The value of one of these tours for two is as much as $2,500. Transportation to and from a tour will not be provided. The preceding information is based on 1985 tours. Tours in 1986 may vary.

Deadline for entries is September 16, 1985. Read the Contest Rules and get your entries in early. Winners will be announced in the January/February 1986 issue of AMERICAN WEST.

CONTEST RULES

ELIGIBILITY

The contest is open to everyone except employees of AMERICAN WEST and their relatives. All entries must be available to the magazine for use on a first-right basis; previously published photos or ones pending publication will not qualify. AMERICAN WEST acquires the right to publish, use for exhibit or promotion, all winning photographs.

ENTRIES

You may submit up to 5 entries which will be judged on originality and quality. Be sure to enclose the official entry form (or a 3" by 5" facsimile) with your name, address, phone number, and total number of photographs entered. There is a single entry fee of $5 per participant, whether you enter one or five photos. Make check or money order payable to "AMERICAN WEST Photo."

Photographs may be either black and white or color, and are not to exceed 8"x10" in size. Please do *not* send slides. Do *not* send photos mounted in glass. If your color photograph is judged a winner, you will need to provide a color transparency to AMERICAN WEST.

Each entry must be clearly marked on the back with the name, address, and telephone number of the photographer, the place the photo was taken, and if possible the type of camera and film used, along with any special lenses, equipment, or techniques. Model releases must accompany all photos that include identifiable people.

LIABILITY

A stamped, self-adressed envelope of sufficient size must accompany your entries for their return. Include cardboard to protect your photos. AMERICAN WEST is not responsible for materials lost or damaged in the mail.

DEADLINE

Your entry must be postmarked by midnight of September 16, 1985. Late entries will be returned unopened. Send to: AMERICAN WEST Photo Contest, 3033 N. Campbell, Tucson, AZ 85719.

1985 AMERICAN WEST PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

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City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Number of entries _____

Enclose $5 entry fee.
Please read the Contest Rules carefully.

A NEW LOOK AT CUSTER'S LAST STAND

Diggings throw light on battlefield mystery

by Jim Robbins

The trooper was attempting to escape the frenetic battle. Scrambling from the group that fell around Captain Miles Keogh, he ran across one ravine, then another. On his way up the wall of the third, he was fired upon by Indians. The trooper returned fire with his military carbine, firing three shots, perhaps his last three rounds. He yanked out his Colt pistol, and apparently fired it as he was hit by an Indian round, for the pistol bullet was found imbedded in the ground.

Two hundred and sixty snow-white marble markers are scattered across the Custer battlefield, indicating the spots where soldiers died. Marker #2, far off by itself along the eastern boundary fence, marks the death just described. A boot nail, three spent 45/55 carbine cartridge cases, a Colt cartridge, a Colt bullet, and a deformed 50/70 bullet were discovered scattered about marker #2.

After carefully noting where the objects were found and conducting ballistics tests on the cartridges, researchers have hypothesized that the soldier may have been the last to die in Custer's Last Stand.

On a summer afternoon in 1876, Lieutenant Colonel Custer led his men into the battle of death on this prairie hill in southeastern Montana. White marble markers on the battlefield indicate where the leader and about 215 of his Seventh Cavalry troopers died and were temporarily buried. (The Custer marker is the darker one in the center of the photograph.) The remains of a few officers and civilians were later disinterred and sent to their families for reburial. Custer's remains are buried on the grounds of West Point Military Academy. All the rest of the bodies recovered were reburied in a common grave around the base of the historical monument on Custer Hill.

PHOTO BY BILL WUNSCH, THE DENVER POST

WHEN LIEUTENANT COLONEL GEORGE ARMSTRONG Custer galloped into battle along the banks of the muddy Little Bighorn River on June 25, 1876, he left behind neither survivors nor reasons for his actions among the grassy hills of southeastern Montana. Instead he left a stubborn legend and a battlefield full of mysteries, that, 109 years later, still evoke controversy and passion.

No one will ever know why Custer, thirty-six at the time of his death, decided to attack an enemy that greatly outnumbered his men, or precisely how the "boy general" and about 215 troopers of the Seventh Cavalry met their ignominious end—those secrets are sealed in the vaults of history.

But some small pieces of the puzzle are beginning to emerge. In the wake of a grass fire that laid bare the 760-acre Custer Battlefield National Monument in 1983, officials planned the battlefield's first extensive archeological investigation. In the summer of 1984 more than 1,000 battle-related artifacts—buttons, bones, spurs, bullets, cartridges, and arrowheads—were unearthed. They have been analyzed and interpreted, and have helped researchers piece together some of the sketchy details of Custer's brief meeting with destiny.

In a report officially released in late April 1985, Richard Fox, an archeologist who grew up near the battlefield and is directing the dig, and Doug Scott, with the U.S. Park Service's Midwest Archaeological Center in Lincoln, Nebraska, published the results of their interpretation of the material discovered on the battlefield. "It's exciting," Fox says. "The battle has not been plotted in this great detail before. We've been able to add more of a human element to the story because we know what happened to individual troopers and Indians." The analysis will not greatly alter ideas about the battle, the archeologists state. However, they claim it will add illuminating details to the basic outline already known.

Perhaps most important, Fox and Scott have been able to piece together the flow of battle—where Custer first encountered the Indians, his reaction, and his battlefield maneuvers. Additionally, Fox notes, the evidence sheds a good deal of light on how the Indians fought at the time, their armaments, and how they treated their vanquished enemy.

The story of Custer's last days begins on June 21, 1876,

COURTESY MUSEUM OF WESTERN ART, DENVER. PHOTO BY JAMES O. MILMOE

when General Alfred H. Terry, Colonel John Gibbon, Custer, and several others gathered in the cabin of the steamboat *Far West*, anchored at the mouth of Rosebud Creek on the Yellowstone River in Montana Territory, to make plans for engaging the Indians. The Sioux, Northern Cheyenne, and other tribes had gathered in what Indians called Greasy Grass country and were resisting efforts to force them onto reservations where they could be controlled and removed as a barrier to colonization of the West. The chiefs—Gall, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Lame White Man, Two Moons, and others—had ignored the order, to the satisfaction of the military leaders, who welcomed the opportunity to lay plans to smash the hostiles for all time.

THE CAVALRY OFFICERS DISCUSSED THE INDIAN FORCES, certain they were camped in the Little Bighorn River Valley, and arrived at a strategy. By moving Custer into the valley from the south and Gibbon in from the north, they hoped to corner the tribes and force them to fight. For, the trick in beating the Indians lay not in armed confrontation but in catching them before they could slip away and after capture, not allowing them to flee. (As part of the overall campaign, General George Crook was expected to move his troops into the Bighorn country from Wyoming Territory. But unknown to General Terry and his colleagues, Crook had been defeated by the Sioux and Cheyenne at the Battle of the Rosebud on June 17, and had withdrawn back into Wyoming.)

Once Custer located the "hostiles," he was to wait for Gibbon's foot soldiers before attacking, unless, according to Terry, he "saw reason to depart" from his orders. Dressed in buckskins, his blond hair cropped short, Custer pushed his men from the Yellowstone quickly up Rosebud Creek, named for the tangle of wild roses that flourish along its banks. He rode to the top of the Wolf Mountains, where he and his men spent the night of the twenty-fourth resting and preparing for battle. Fearing the Indians would escape, Custer decided not to wait for Gibbon's foot soldiers, and instead decided on a lightning attack the next morning.

Pausing at the head of what is now called Reno Creek on the twenty-fifth, Custer divided his Seventh Cavalry into three battalions. Major Marcus Reno took 140 men, Captain Frederick Benteen took 125 men, and Custer took the remaining 215 or so. Benteen was to ride along the base of the mountains to prevent the Indians from fleeing and, according to Custer, to "pitch into anything he might find." Reno was to charge the southeastern end of the village, among the cottonwood trees along the Little Bighorn, while Custer promised his support.

The temperature was over 100 degrees that day, as the three battalions rode into the valley behind the Seventh's red, white, and blue swallow-tailed guidon, amid choking clouds of dust. It was a smart move, Custer no doubt thought, to have turned down several Gatling guns Terry had offered, for the sake of speed.

Fritz Scholder, *Portrait 1876-1976*, oil/acrylic 40″ x 30″
In his portrait of the controversial Custer, the artist has pictured a massive, strong figure. The viewer must decide if the strength is to his liking or not.

At around 2:00 P.M. Reno drew first blood and led his men in a charge on the village, unaware that it contained probably the largest group of battle-ready Indians ever assembled on the Plains. Major Reno wondered anxiously where the promised support was. Custer never materialized. One of Reno's men saw the ill-fated leader as he paused on a bluff overlooking the river, apparently riding to strike the middle of what he thought was a group of fleeing Indians.

That is the last of what is definitely known about Custer's actions. Reno was driven in disarray to a hill above the river, where he was later joined by Benteen, about four-and-a-half miles from Last Stand Hill. By then, Custer's battle—which took "about as long as it takes a hungry man to eat his lunch," according to one Indian observer—was over.

THE FIVE-WEEK ARCHEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION BEGAN in May of 1984. While the two archeologists supervised the dig, most of the field work was done by volunteers with metal detectors. After hearing about the survey, several dozen Custer and history buffs from around the country made hasty vacation plans for Montana, to participate in the dig.

The volunteers were a devoted lot. For example, Denver geologist John Husk, who has attended all six conventions of the Custer Battlefield Historical and Museum Association, flew to the battlefield to work at the dig, even though it was his tenth wedding anniversary. He is typical of the Custerphiles. "The volunteers did a great service for us," said monument historian Neil Mangum. "We couldn't have done it without their help."

After dividing the battlefield into squares, the metal-detector-toting volunteers surveyed the area systematically, following grid lines. When an object was found, the site was marked with a plastic flag and the article gingerly unearthed. Its location and position in the ground were carefully recorded, and plotted on a map.

Perhaps the most significant interpretation in the report of the archeological investigation to date concerns the flow of battle after Custer first encountered the Indians. The reconstruction of the battle casts the first ray of strong light on how the conflict between the Indians and Custer was played out. It is a coup for the archeologists who pored over the survey results for more than half a year. The interpretation is based not only on the artifacts and historical documentation, but on a relatively new technique called "artifact patterning" that relies on where and how artifacts are distributed—and placing them in context.

In this case, for example, researchers color-coded army cartridges blue and Indian cartridges red, allowing them to chart the flow of battle, as well as the movement of individuals. Analysis at the Nebraska State Patrol Criminalistics Laboratory enabled investigators to match up bullets with cartridges, and to tell which cartridges were fired from the same gun.

The report writers caution, however, that their analysis is not definitive. "The interpretation of events . . . is not the only interpretation," they write, "but we believe it is a logical and defendable one." One thing is certain: this is the first reconstruction of the battle maneuvers based on hard evidence.

Most students of the battle believe that Custer rode down Medicine Tail Coulee to the Little Bighorn River, in order to ford the stream and attack the village. Pushed back by the Indians, Custer and his men began their fight at a point called Custer Ridge. It is here that artifacts, most critically cartridge shells, begin to illuminate what happened next.

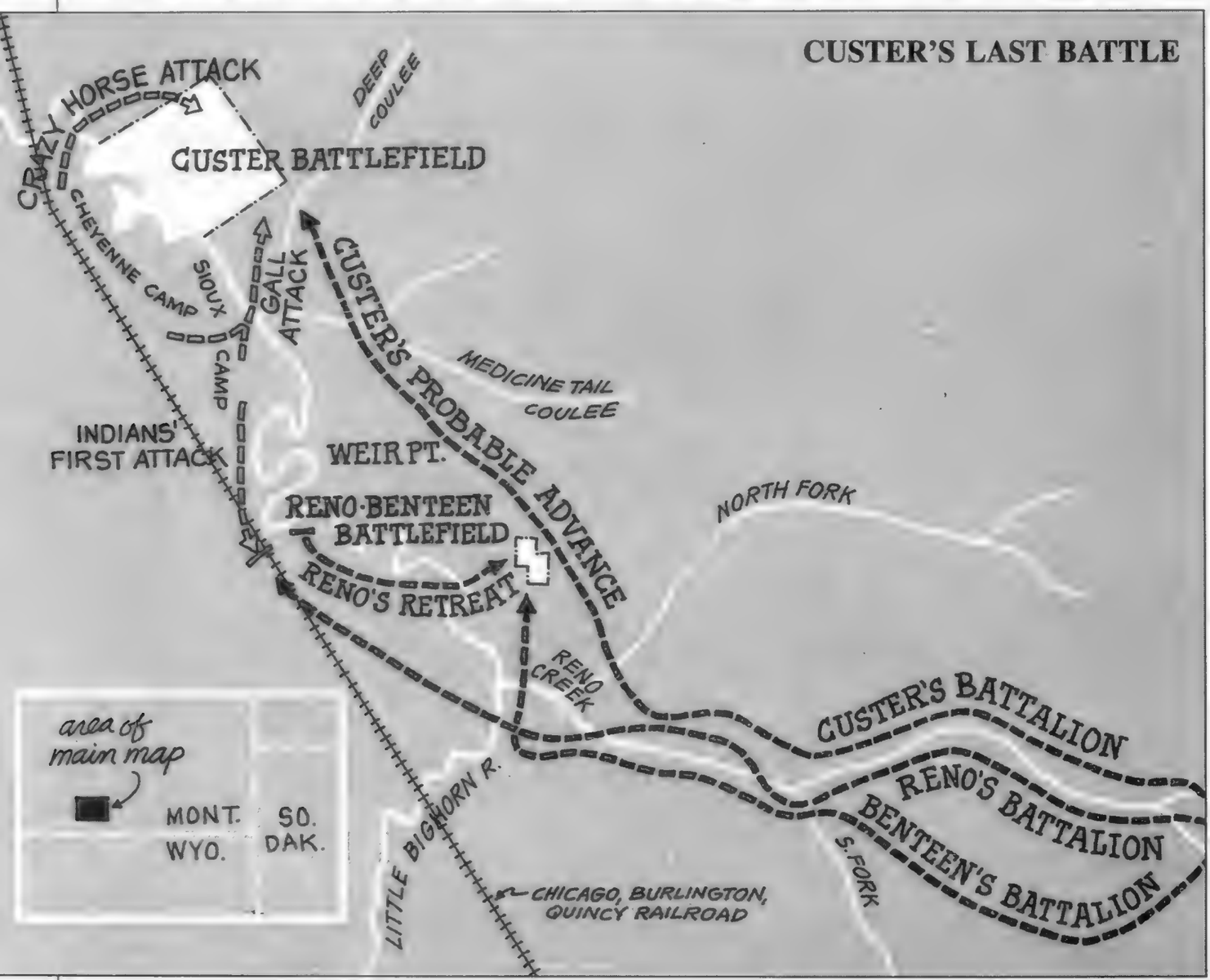
When they reached the ridge, Custer apparently deployed Lieutenants Calhoun and Crittenden and L Company in a broad arc, some 400 yards long, facing south. Chief Gall led the Sioux in an assault on these defenders.

Custer took the rest of his men and wheeled north; he apparently noticed a group of Indians moving in on his north and west. To meet the threat Custer deployed three companies—C, F, and E—to the head of Deep Ravine. Captain Keogh and I Company were sent to a ridge top east of Custer Ridge.

The large number of cartridges found on the ridge indicates the Indian fire was heavy and that the ranks of the soldiers were rapidly thinned. The Indians moved in. Again they fired heavily at Calhoun and L Company. As many as twenty repeating Henry rifles were trained on the handful of soldiers; in fact so many Henry cartridges were found in the area by the survey team that it was dubbed Henryville.

ONCE CALHOUN AND HIS MEN WERE OVERRUN, CHIEF Gall and his Sioux warriors joined Indians battling Companies C, E, and F near Deep Ravine. Again this can be determined by comparing the location of cartridges that were fired from the same gun. The soldiers here were apparently overwhelmed, for there are few artifacts to suggest a lengthy battle.

Cartridges from some of the same Indian weapons that had been used on the soldiers at Calhoun hill, were found near Last Stand Hill. Apparently survivors of C, F, and E Companies attempted to rejoin their comrades who were fighting with Custer on Last Stand Hill and were pursued by their attackers.



BOTH PHOTOS BY BILL WUNSCH, THE DENVER POST

Artifact patterning confirms that Last Stand Hill, where Custer's body was found and where the soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry are interred in a mass grave, was the last place occupied by the Seventh Cavalry. It also shows that the Indians were collecting carbines from the fallen soldiers and turning them on Custer and his men.

As the battle neared its grim conclusion, the Indians overwhelmed the soldiers, and the fighting was hand to hand. The small number of Colt pistol bullets shows that the soldiers were quickly overrun and had little opportunity to fire their sidearms. Roughly one-third of the recovered Colt bullets were found near the soldiers' position, the report states, "suggesting the Indians may have used the soldiers' weapons to administer the coup de grace."

One of the clearest pictures emerging in the report of the archeological investigation concerns the armaments of the Indians. The majority of the warriors carried traditional bows and arrows, the tips made of metal and obtained from traders. Perhaps 400 of the 1,500 Indians carried twenty-five different kinds of muzzle loaders and single shot rifles, some of which had been picked up in previous battles. However, a number of Indians (estimates range from 96 to 375) were equipped with modern repeating rifles, which gave them a substantial edge over the soldiers who carried only single shot carbines.

The report reasons:

> It becomes readily apparent, taking all firearms data into account, that Custer and his men were outgunned; even if not in range or stopping power then certainly in sheer firepower. With the relative lack of cover available to Custer and dispersed deployment of the command against the superior number of Indians, at least half of whom were armed and many with repeating firearms, then the reason for the outcome of the battle can no longer be significantly debated.

THE DIG HAS ALSO SHED SOME LIGHT ON CAVALRY troopers of the era—what they wore in the field, how they fought, and according to analysis of bone marrow remnants, what they ate in the field. But perhaps more interesting is that enough detail has been collected to allow poignant vignettes of the deaths of some of the individual troopers.

The portrait of a man whose remains were found near Deep Ravine can be faintly drawn from the survey. The discovery of several of his leg bones gives an idea of the man's size: this trooper was around five feet eight inches, twenty-five years old, and stockily built. During the battle he was shot in the chest by a .44 caliber repeating rifle, which apparently struck

During the five-week dig in the summer of 1984, volunteers used metal detectors to help Park Service archeologists locate artifacts on the 600 acres involved in Custer's Last Stand. Among the artifacts recovered were this shell casing, arrowhead, and button from the clothing of one of the fallen troopers.

SEVENTH CAVALRY

by A.B. Guthrie, Jr.

A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

PHOTO BY JIM ROBBINS

Montanan A. B. Guthrie, Jr., is a Pulitzer-prize-winning novelist, whose best-known work is probably **The Big Sky**. *In his poem about the archeological dig at Custer Hill, Guthrie takes issue with those who disturb the soil of the battlefield.*

(On hearing that the remains of Custer's soldiers were to be exhumed and re-buried in some more systematic order.)

They died here, Custer's men.
On this bare hill, in these ravines,
led by a gaudy general,
they met the Sioux and fell.
Let the bones lie.

More troops came, too late for succor,
and put the bodies underground,
some in mass graves, others singly,
somewhat as they found them.
Let the bones lie.

Some troopers faced the Sioux,
some made for vantage points,
all cursing their jammed Springfields
till hushed by arrow, lead or club.
Let the bones lie.

Together and alone they died,
clumped, spread out, each to his place.
Only a foolish itch for order
could wish to alter this disorder.
Let the bones lie.

The wind sings in the upland grass.
A lost sorrow hovers over all.
But no one now alive can grieve.
None live to curse the Custer name.
Let the bones lie.

It is too late for change,
too late for all but wonder
and regret blown by the winds.
What more is there to say?
Let the bones lie.

(Since these lines were written, archeologists have been gophering in the battlefield. They report that the Sioux were better armed than had been supposed. Big deal.)

his lung. He fell to the ground and was beset by Indians who shot him in the head with his own Colt revolver, bashed his head with a war club, and mutilated his chest and back with knives. Instead of removing the uniform for cloth, as was their custom, the Indians left the man lying on his back, clothed.

According to archeologist Doug Scott, there was a good deal of mutilation of bodies after this battle—one of the few overwhelming Indian victories. "It was a common procedure to strike the dead and count coup," says Scott. "When the souls of the dead went to heaven they'd be identified as warriors who died in battle. It wasn't a bad or dishonorable thing to do."

There is a footnote to the archeololgical survey that should be noted. In the 1930s a historian named Thomas B. Marquis wrote a book called *Keep The Last Bullet For Yourself* and hypothesized that Custer's men committed mass suicide rather than face torture and mutilation by their captors. That theory is unfounded, Scott and Fox claim. "The data point directly to the death of these soldiers as a result of combat with opposing forces," the report avers.

There is still one aspect of the battle, that, despite a good deal of digging and ruminating, eludes investigators. The twenty-eight men of E Company, believed to have been sent by Custer to protect his left flank, have never been fully accounted for. The troopers were apparently killed as they rode down Deep Ravine, perhaps routed as they headed for the cover of the cottonwoods along the Little Bighorn.

Stone markers placed near the ravine indicate that E Company fell roughly a hundred yards from the coulee; other records say the bodies were hastily buried in the coulee, while still others claim the bodies were removed to the mass grave. "These are questions that have nagged historians for years," says Park historian Mangum.

After the fire stripped away the dense vegetation in the coulee, several mounds were revealed that archeologist Fox conjectured were grave sites. That guess was buttressed by some intriguing, if unorthodox, historical research. Howard Starkel, a self-described psychic historian from Denver "investigated" the ravine and pointed out areas where he believed the bodies could be found. "There's a lot going on," (on the battlefield, and especially in Deep Ravine) Starkel said of his impressions. "There's a lot of emotion tied up in that place."

If there is a secret there, however, it remains to be uncovered. More than 200 holes were dug with a power auger in the ravine, but investigations turned up nothing. Archeologists will, Fox says, continue the investigation in 1985.

But no amount of digging, analyzing, and study will ever replace the bulk of conjecture with fact. For the mystery of Custer's Last Stand went to the grave with the companies of the Seventh Cavalry that sweltering day and are likely to remain there for eternity.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

For background on Custer and the Battle of the Little Bighorn, see: Robert M. Utley, *Custer Battlefield National Monument, Montana* (1969); Stephen E. Ambrose, *Crazy Horse and Custer* (1975); Evan S. Connell, *Son of the Morning Star* (1984).

Jim Robbins *writes about the West from Helena, Montana, for* The New York Times, The Boston Globe, *and other publications.*

Atop Custer Hill, a granite monument bears the names of all who died in the battle. After this monument was erected in 1881, the remains of the soldiers were gathered from their individual graves and placed in a mass grave around the base of the monument.

PHOTO BY BILL WUNSCH, THE DENVER POST

The Custer Battlefield Preservation Committee, Inc., is seeking contributions from the American public to prevent commercialization of the battlefield. Less than one-tenth (760 acres) of the area associated with the battle is now in the Custer Battlefield National Monument, administered by the National Park Service. Some 9,000 acres surrounding the present National Monument are privately owned and are now available for purchase. To prevent building development on this historic prairie land, the Preservation Committee, a nonprofit organization, asks for your tax-deductible donations to be used to buy up this additional land for the Monument. Eight million dollars are needed. You may write to the Committee at Box 7, Hardin, Montana 58934.

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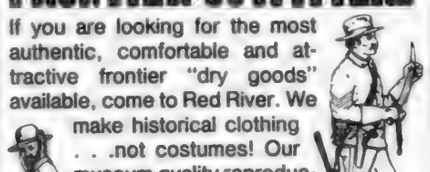

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Letters to the Editor

Old Steam Engines

I'm so pleased to see and read about the old logging steam trains in your May/June issue. I was raised in the logging towns of Whitmer and Horton, West Virginia.

My stepfather was the master machinist for all of the trains. He rode a Model-A Ford car that had train wheels to get back in the woods and hills to work on the engines.

Thank you for those pleasant memories.

Mrs. Reda Hinckley
Lakeside, California

I was very impressed with "Requiem for Steam" by David Weitzman in your May/June issue. It struck the nostalgic heart of me. I, too, lived through the demise of the steam trains and the emergence of the diesel.

My father was a fireman and, later, an engineer with the New York Central Railroad. My four brothers and I all rode in the cab with him on many occasions (one at a time, of course), both steamers and diesels. When we were children, we rode free on Dad's pass, and we travelled almost anywhere the N.Y. Central had tracks.

Like Mr. Weitzman, I remember the sights, sounds, and smells of the steam trains. The smoke, soot, and dust, which bothered the passengers, today seem like no bother at all.

G. W. Lewis
Sonoma, California

My husband Rudy Tomich worked in the logging camps around Tacoma and McKenna, Washington, between 1918 and 1921. He told us about the different camps he worked in and some of the engines that were used. One was called a "donkey."

My husband passed away in 1976, but my son Richard is building a model railroad and has been trying to find out more about the logging days of that time. We have been trying to get the old railroad books that were printed at that time, but we have not been able to find any. I am hoping you can tell us where we could get the books.

Mary E. Tomich
Prosser, Washington

A useful book is The American Heritage History of Railroads in America *by Oliver Jensen (American Heritage Publishing Company, Inc., New York, 1975). This volume contains quite a list of books about American railroads. The appealing photographs of logging engines with David*

Weitzman's article came from Kinsey Photographer, Volume Three: The Locomotive Portraits *by Dave Bohn and Rodolfo Petschek (Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1984). —Ed.*

Falconry—Another Opinion

I have been a most appreciative subscriber of AMERICAN WEST for several years. Your lead article in the May/June issue, "A Falconer's Search for Longwings," prompts me to write. Perhaps it is because of the controversy engendered by the North American Falconers Association in response to the Fish and Wildlife Service's current sting "Operation Falcon," but it seems to me that I am reading more and more paeans on falconry these days.

As with every story, there is another side to what is going on, and I think you ought to be at least aware of the broader perspective. I think there is adequate information publicly available to suggest that some falconers are no different from many other people. Their passion for money often equals or surpasses their zeal for their sport. The Fish and Wildlife Service investigation reveals that more than sixty endangered peregrines have been stolen from the wild in the past three years, and according to Justice Department officials, this is just the tip of the iceberg.

You should also be aware that the Fish and Wildlife Service's investigation is far from over, and it is likely that additional evidence will be forthcoming on the extent and nature of the illegal falcon trade in the United States.

Amos S. Eno
Director, Wildlife Programs
National Audubon Society
Washington, D.C.

A Taste for Buffalo

I live in the Midwest and would like very much to try some elk and buffalo meat. However, foods such as these are not very common in the Midwest.

Could you tell me where I could order these meats? There are other Western-state meats I would like to try as well.

B. Patrick
Cincinnati, Ohio

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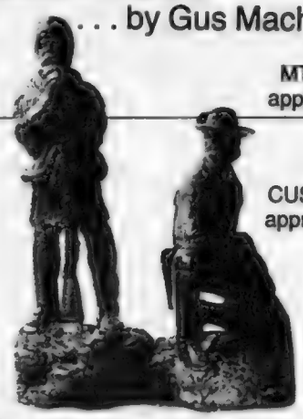

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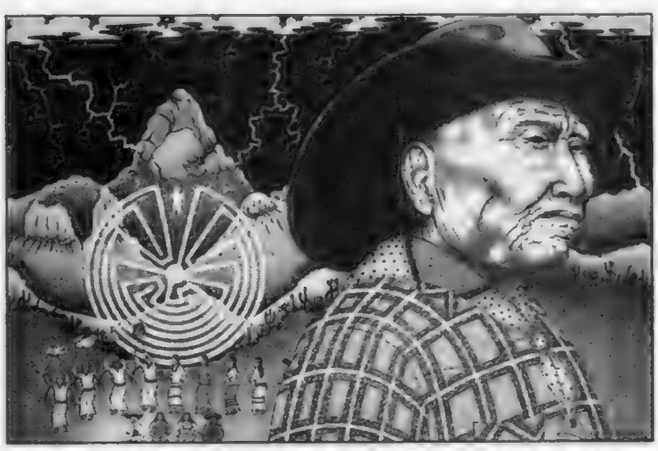

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Letters

Mountain Men

I have for many years enjoyed your fine publication and have found its mix of history, personal interest items, and its appreciation of the West most appealing and informative. I was, however, sadly disappointed in your recent article "Montana Mountain Men—Wanted for Kidnapping and Murder" by Douglas H. Chadwick in the March/April issue.

I find it unfortunate that Mr. Chadwick and other journalists have seen fit to dignify the actions of these criminals by relating their deeds or life-styles to the Rocky Mountain fur trapper of the nineteenth century. As I am sure you are aware, the mountain man of the early 1800s played an extremely important role in Westward expansion and the overall history of the American West. He was not a saint, nor was he a cold-blooded killer like Claude Lafayette Dallas nor a twisted sociopathic misfit like Dan and Don Nichols.

In attempting to draw some type of connection between the Nicholses and modern-day fur trade reenactors, Mr. Chadwick has succeeded in alienating an entire segment of Westerners and American history buffs. Modern-day mountain men, often called "buckskinners," are in no way equivalent to the Nicholses or Dallases of the world. Today's fur trade enthusiasts come from all walks of life and pride themselves on the feeling of comradeship and honesty so prevalent at shoots and fur trade rendezvous.

William W. Gwaltney
Fort Davis, Texas

This letter is primarily to compliment you and the staff on your publication and secondarily to offer some comments on the feature about the Lone Mountain incident, March/April issue.

My first suggestion is: if at all possible, steer clear of black type on blue background, as in the case of the captions in the Kari Swenson story. I invite your appraisal of the marked difference in legibility between the captions on pages 47, 49, and 51 and the "blurbs" above them on the same pages. I feel the blurbs, size notwithstanding, take the cake hands down for clarity, and had the captions been the same, their legibility would have been enhanced greatly.

In the middle of the left-hand column on page 46, Chadwick reports the Nicholses had a radio for news and weather updates. But near the bottom of page 50, left-hand column, Chadwick reports that when Tom Heintz talked with them "the two seemed unaware of their notoriety and how widespread the search for them had been." I realize the radio could have been cached a distance from the site of the Heintz encounter, but it seems strange to me that two such evidently educated and alert people, having [allegedly] committed kidnapping and murder, would not be attempting steadily to keep abreast of activities keyed to their precipitous actions. For them to "seem unaware" seems inconsistent with their entire life patterns.

Herbert G. Lambert
Prescott, Arizona

Chronological Confusion

Who's to blame—the proof-reader, the editor, or the writer Phyllis Zauner? ("A Magical Underground World in the Sierra Foothills," in Lost Trails, May/June, page 22)

Paragraph 5: "By 1885 . . . Cave City . . . offered a school, saloons, a French restaurant. . . ."

Paragraph 8: "By 1860, the mines were exhausted, and visitors . . . mentioned empty buildings. . . . By 1883 a visitor mentions only the hotel. . . ."

And Know-Nothings in 1885? Hardly.

Revive Rigorous Requirements! Crush Chronological Confusion!

F. Pierce Olson
Jackson, Wyoming

We share Mr. Olson's goals. The author of the piece was correct; our two proof-readers let us down. In paragraph 5, the year should be 1855. Paragraph 8 shows correct dates. The Know-Nothings used the cave in 1855.—Ed.

Gun Control

Glad to see you sticking your red neck out in favor of self-defense. I'm a life member of the NRA and was very pleasantly surprised to find your editorial in my very first issue of AMERICAN WEST.

Mike Paulson
Denver, Colorado

What a pity my introduction to your magazine came with your editorial on gun control. I congratulate you on avoiding the "editorial confusion" you ascribe to other commentators. Your ploy was editorial deception.

Nowhere in your editorial did you comment on gun *control*. You conveniently translated the issue into gun elimination. Yet no one in this country has seriously proposed eliminating guns. Your statistics are also deceptive. It is natural that there would be little crime in a small town with a small

population, as in the Old West. In large cities, where people are crowded together and are strangers and can't get away from one another, the incidence of crime increases.

Please cancel my subscription.

Audrey J. Seis
San Jose, New Mexico

I used to have the same feelings about gun control as Tom Pew expressed in "View from the West" in the March/April issue. Now I'm not so sure. As I write this, I'm sitting in prison doing time for murder.

I had a gun I used for all the normal things—home protection, snakes, hunting, and plinking. Well, on April 8, 1984, I used that weapon to end my father-in-law's life. No doubt about it, *I* killed him, not the gun. If it hadn't been there, I may have used something else, but the .22 caliber pistol was awfully handy.

So what is the answer? Too many "home protection" pieces end up being used on the very people they are supposed to protect. Should we pass more gun control laws? I just don't feel that will be of much help. We can't enforce the ones we have now.

Maybe we should make more severe penalties for crime. In my case, the consequences were the furthest thing from my mind—especially the death penalty. How about more public awareness. Yes, maybe. More training in the safety and use of firearms at the time of purchase would help, especially if emphasis was put on the dangers of a loaded gun around the home.

A lot of you will say, "I'll never do anything like that!" There are dozens of us here that said the same thing. My personal advice is, if someone wants your property or possessions, let him have them. Material things are replaceable—a human life is not.

Ward Thurman
Deer Lodge, Montana

Grizzly Bears

I, too, found Doug Peacock's article about Grizzly Bears interesting (your November/December 1984), but for different reasons. I sincerely hope that those of us who work in the "secret place" where the article takes place are not called upon to go in and gather up his bones.

Sour grapes? I think not. I just feel that his writing in this case only glorifies himself and not the Grizzly Bear. When the time comes that he tempts the bear too much with his bravado, and the result is injury or death, then how much adverse attention is going to come down on the side of the Grizzly and how much more attention will be drawn toward the "secret place"? Close examination may find him to be one of the "jerks drawing road maps."

Michael J. Ober
Kalispell, Montana

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Plum Pudding on the Fourth of July

by Marjorie Cochrane

"Is the pudding safe?"

This was the concern of the J. Edward Spurr expedition in 1898 as the party struggled up Alaska's Susitna River and its tributaries to seek a western drainage that would take them to the Bering Sea. During difficult passage up the ice-clogged rivers in late spring, the expedition canoes were damaged and supplies were lost. By the end of June the men's provisions were nearly gone. But the plum pudding—the only luxury they were carrying, a pudding that had become their talisman—was still intact.

Regardless of the rumbles in their empty stomachs, the men of the Spurr party were determined to preserve the pudding for their Fourth of July celebration, wherever that might occur. Few Americans celebrated their nation's birthday more fervently than Alaska's miners, trappers, and explorers, and American patriotism was at a particularly high pitch that year because of the ongoing Spanish American War. The "glorious Fourth" took on special meaning for many Alaskans, animated not only by patriotism but by the promise of gold.

As the nation's birthday approached, the explorers left swift, silty river trails behind. They traveled on foot, dragging their canoes overland toward a pass in the Alaska Range that Spurr believed would lead to the Kuskokwim River drainage. The pass, he wrote, "receded ever as we approached it; what lay on the other side no one knew." One of the men suggested that they could live on the bark of trees if all else failed, but there was no talk of devouring the pudding before its appointed time. The pudding, Spurr said, "had become a sort of legend . . . a revered household god. Whenever we met with an accident and lost this or that to the angry stream, I would inquire, 'Is the plum pudding safe?' A joyful assent. 'Then all is well,' I would reply and inquire no further."

On the Fourth of July they shot off their guns and waved the flag. The plum pudding "was consumed as per schedule," served with a hard sauce made from a can of butter saved for that purpose.

Far from settlements of any kind, many other Alaskans celebrated just as the Spurr expedition did, with a special dish of steamed pudding. Now associated with Christmas holidays, these puddings were popular with Western pioneers at other times of the year, not only because the basic ingredients were usually available, but because the desserts could be kept for weeks with little fear of spoilage. The plum pudding that the Spurr party carried was probably made well before the expedition set out from Cook Inlet in early May.

The pudding feast was followed a few days later by a safe crossing of the Alaska Range. The men reached an upper tributary of the South Fork of the Kuskokwim and descended Alaska's second largest river to Bethel, on the Bering Sea. Their mapping successfully completed, Spurr returned to Seattle that fall. There had been many close calls, but no loss of life. Perhaps the Fourth of July pudding had, indeed, been a talisman.

The base for those turn-of-the-century steamed-puddings was suet mixed with sugar; either bread crumbs, flour, or a mixture of both; eggs; and milk. To this, whatever pleased the cook could be added: spices (cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg were widely used), a thimbleful or two of brandy or other spirits, and raisins. Some cooks used molasses; some preferred brown sugar or white sugar. Holiday plum puddings usually included citron; perhaps golden raisins, currants, or other dried fruits; sometimes nuts; and often extra eggs.

Whatever the ingredients, puddings were valued for their reheating capabilities. Molds were commonly used in the nineteenth century for steaming, but lacking these, a cook could place the pudding in a muslin bag to be boiled and stored, then plunged into boiling water, weeks later if necessary, when the right occasion called.

The treasure that the Spurr party carried could well have been made with a holiday version of this turn-of-the-century pudding recipe:

> Mix 1 c. chopped suet, 2 c. bread crumbs, and 1 c. sugar. Beat in 2 eggs, 1 T. molasses, ¼ c. brandy, and ½ c. milk. Add 2 c. seeded raisins. Steam for 2 or 3 hours in a greased, covered mold.

On a wilderness trip today, Alaskans would be more apt to carry along a loaf of bread made from lingonberries, which can be easily gathered in the fall throughout south-central Alaska and most of the interior. Unlike the pudding, the bread needs to be preserved by freezing, but it stays moist for several days after it is thawed. Alaska's cooperative extension agency provides the following recipe:

> Sift together 2 c. all-purpose flour, 1 c. sugar, 1½ t. baking powder, ½ t. soda, and 1 t. salt. Cut in ½ c. shortening until the mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. Combine ¾ c. orange juice and 1 T. grated orange rind with 1 well-beaten egg. Pour all at once into dry ingredients. Mix just enough to moisten. Carefully fold in ½ c. chopped nuts and 1 to 2 c. lingonberries (or cranberries). Spoon into a greased 9″ x 5″ x 3″ loaf pan, spreading corners and sides slightly higher than the center. Bake at 350° F. about 1 hour. Remove from pan. Cool. Store overnight for easy slicing, or freeze.

Marjorie Cochrane *writes for the* Chugiak-Eagle River Star *in Eagle River, Alaska, and has a special interest in Alaskan history.*

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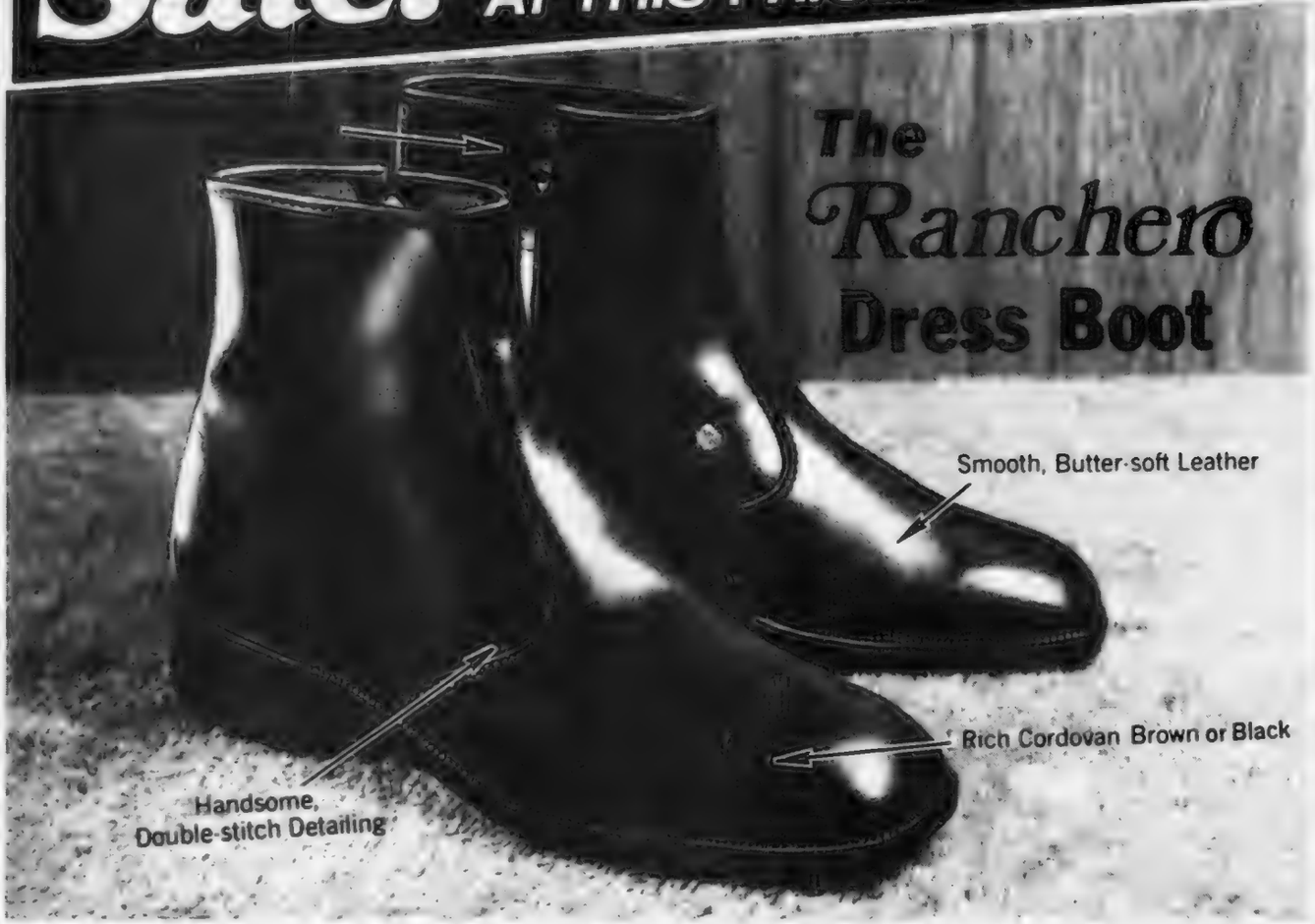

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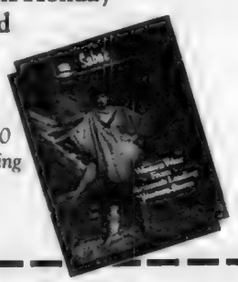

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PHOTO BY THE AUTHORS

Carrying Cameras

by Erwin and Peggy Bauer

Year after year our photographic equipment takes a terrible beating, being transported in everything from saddlebags on stubborn horses to sealed waterproof bags in boats, or simply dangling around a sweaty neck in fair weather and foul. Since camera equipment not in perfect working order is useless, we carry everything with utmost care. But how?

There are few less convenient ways to carry a camera, particularly one with a heavy lens, than around the neck on a thin strap and in the molded carrying case that comes with some new 35mm cameras. Our best advice is to throw away the carrying case forever. Next, substitute a much wider webbing strap and carry the camera over one shoulder with a thumb hooked under the strap to hold it. Shorten the strap as much as necessary to keep the camera from swinging freely. If you are very active, an around-the-body harness is probably better. It holds the camera firmly in place on your chest, leaving your arms free.

For toting the rest of our equipment—extra lenses, filters, film—we use a vest, beltpack, daypack, or backpack. We rely on all of these—which one depends on the weight of the equipment, how long we intend to work, and how far we plan to travel.

For photographing within a limited area—around a state fair grounds, or rodeo, or ghost town—a roomy vest with many pockets is difficult to match. It might be an old trout-fishing vest softened by years of laundering. Or it could be an insulated hunting vest with extra pockets added. Better still is one of those vests especially designed for professional cameramen. The one that we prefer is made of camouflage cloth and netting for ventilation; it has nineteen separate compartments and a waterproof extendable flap for sitting down. When wearing a vest, photographers can have every item handy at their fingertips.

A snug-fitting beltpack that rides on the hips is our choice when we are traveling fast, climbing, canoeing, or just carrying a small number of accessories. A total weight of around five to ten pounds rides more easily and comfortably on the average person's hips than on his shoulders in a daypack. But our favorite carrier—our secret weapon, really—is a lightweight, external frame, multicompartmented backpack with padded shoulder straps and a hipbelt. We never leave home without it, or rather without two of them.

Our backpacks have accompanied us over far more miles vertically and horizontally around the West than any of our cameras without requiring a single stitch of repair. Besides the photo equipment, these two packs can hold everything we need to be self-sufficient for several days in the backcountry. Our carriers have been just as important as our cameras in shooting wildlife scenes. A backpack is *the* ticket to photographing the high Western wilderness.

We always keep the following inside our backpacks, ready for instant use: ultralightweight waterproof pants and ponchos (which cover both packer and pack), knit baseball cap and gloves, sweaters or light vests, knife, trail mix or other high-calorie snacks, insect repellent, cup, and water purification filter. When starting out for the day,

we need only add film and lenses, plus a monopod or light tripod— everything separate and readily available.

It is important that any backpack frame be adjusted to fit the photographer's body perfectly. Before you lay out hard cash for a new one, try several frames with the packs fully loaded. A pack that fits well, with most of the weight supported by the hips, can in time be carried with little effort or annoyance, almost as a part of the body. Shops that sell a good bit of mountaineering equipment and that specialize in backpacking gear are the best places to seek (and experiment with) the ideal backpack.

Perhaps we are fanatic about carrying photo equipment carefully, but as we have learned from bitter experience, there is no alternative. We keep each of our camera bodies and lenses separately in stout, waterproof plastic bags almost all the time, even when they are riding on the seat of a car. Moisture can be very damaging to delicate photo equipment, and dust is equally insidious. Carrying a 35mm camera unprotected for very long in dry areas of the West practically guarantees its malfunction.

For long trips by car or air, all of our equipment goes into tough metal or plastic carrying cases that fit beneath standard airplane seats. Inside these cases, each item nestles in a niche that we have cut from foam pads exactly to fit. This cushions the equipment and insulates it against vibration. (Do *not* send cameras and lenses as checked luggage on airplanes.) On horseback trips, all of our gear is first sealed in plastic bags and then wrapped in thin sheets of foam before it is placed in saddlebags custom-made for the purpose. Both riding horses and pack animals have a unique talent for smashing delicate equipment.

Recently a bewildering number of soft, attractive, "designer" camera-carrying bags of nylon and leather have appeared on the market. But most are far more chic than useful, aimed more toward the fashion-conscious traveler than toward someone who is seriously photographing the West. They do not adequately protect the contents.

Perhaps we are simply old-fashioned (or some might say hardheaded), but for our needs the vest-beltpack-backpack-aluminum-case combination is hard to match.

Erwin and Peggy Bauer's *newest book,* Photographing Wild Texas, *has just been published by the University of Texas Press, Austin.*

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Western Books in Brief

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American Rodeo: From Buffalo Bill to Big Business *by Kristine Fredriksson (Texas A&M University Press, College Station, 1985; 270 pp., illus., index, biblio., notes, $18.95).*
Fredriksson traces the rise of rodeo from a working cowboy's on-the-range entertainment to the present multi-million dollar business. She tells of the growing sophistication of cowboys from the early 1900s to today, the increase in competition and the amount of prize money, and the risks the profession entails. Sprinkled throughout the book are anecdotes about rodeo cowboys like Toots Mansfield, the first president of the Rodeo Cowboys Association, lending the history a personal flavor.

Bittersweet Earth, *ed. by Ellen Gray Massey (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1985; 420 pp., illlus., index, map, $11.95).*
Missouri high school students have labored to preserve the folk traditions of the Ozark mountain area through this collection of interviews and folklore. In order to learn about the land, students spent many hours canoeing down rivers, exploring caves, and harvesting edible wild greens. Ozark old-timers impart words of mountain wisdom and talk about growing up in the early 1900s, working on farms without the modern conveniences of tractors or indoor plumbing.

Richard H. Kern: Expeditionary Artist in the Far Southwest 1848–1853 *by David J. Weber (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1985, for the Amon Carter Museum; 368 pp., illus., maps, index, notes, biblio., $45.00).*
Kern's many sketches, drawings, and beautiful watercolors capture the magnificent landscape and the peoples of the Southwest. The first American to portray Navajo, Zuni, Pueblo, and other Indians, Kern contributed greatly to the knowledge of Southwest tribes and ecosystems. Kern was murdered by Indians while on the fourth of his exploratory expeditions through parts of what are now New Mexico, Arizona, and southern Colorado. His extraordinary artwork, some of which has only recently been discovered, is reproduced in this handsome book.

Westward the Women *by Nancy Wilson Ross (First published in 1944. North Point Press, Berkeley, 1985; 208 pp., paper $9.50).*
Missionaries, mothers, dance-hall girls, and feminists all played a part in taming the frontier and establishing towns and cities in the wild. Besides overcoming the difficult journey, often plagued by inadequate shelter and supplies, women had to face hostility from some men who felt women did not belong on the frontier. Ross's well-written book is an intriguing study of the role of women in westward expansion.

A Pride of Kin *by Callie Coe Wilson and Ellen Walker Rienstra (Texas A&M University Press, College Station, 1985; 104 pp., $12.50).*
Cousins Wilson and Rienstra recount the eccentric behavior of their common forebears, the Hooks. A microcosm of east Texas history, the story of William "Pap" Hooks and his many extraordinary descendants overflows with funny family exploits. From staging bear hunts to family feuds, the Hooks were an active clan who left their mark on Hardin County.

Our National Parks: America's Spectacular Wilderness Heritage, *ed. by Susan J. Wernert et al (The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, New York, 1985;*

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352 pp., illus., index, $24.00).
Pictured here are scenes ranging from the serene grandeur of Mount McKinley's snow-coated flanks to the lush verdant swamps of the Florida everglades. The natural and human history of our national parks is described in this excellent book, accompanied by superlative full-color photographs of the landscape and wildlife. The vast majority of these parks lie in the West; each one is alphabetically listed (excluding the Alaskan parks) and can be readily found with the aid of detailed maps and a visitor's guide.

Traditions in Transition: Contemporary Basket Weaving of the Southwestern Indians *by Barbara Mauldin (Museum of New Mexico Press, Santa Fe, 1985; 63 pp., illus., index, biblio., paper $4.95).*
Colorful intricate patterns twine intermittently through the woven baskets of Hopi, Navajo, Apache, and other Southwest Indians. Working with materials gathered from local plants, Indians today create many of the traditional designs originated by their ancestors. In brief interviews, individual basket weavers tell how they came to learn their craft and why they favor certain patterns.

Historic Houses of the Pacific Northwest *by Daphne Reece (Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1985; 120 pp., illus., index, paper $8.95).*
Reece's attractive guide with many black-and-white photographs gives information about restored historic houses that are open to the public in Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Alaska, and British Columbia. The buildings range from rustic pioneer homes, elegant Victorian mansions displaying precious *objets d'art* and specially designed showers, to historical villages and forts where frontier scenes are often reenacted. History, address, telephone number, and visiting hours are provided for each house.

Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps *by Sandra Dallas, photog. by Kendal Atchison (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1985; 246 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $24.95).*
Organized alphabetically, this guide recounts the checkered histories of Colorado's many mining towns. Most sprang up practically overnight, populated by the merchants, gamblers, and con men who followed prospectors west. Many historical photographs, some of which have never been previously published, show the towns as they were in their early boom days. Atchison's quality, present-day photos reveal how greatly many of these towns have deteriorated.

Rodeo Champions: Eight Memorable Moments of Riding, Wrestling, and Roping *by Larry Pointer (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1985; 152 pp., illus., index, biblio., cloth $19.95, paper $9.95).*
Pointer powerfully delivers the minute-by-minute action of the eight different rodeo events sanctioned by the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. In describing the details of each event, Pointer plunges directly into the arena with the cowboy as he competes against beast and clock. He conveys the thrill of watching rodeo greats like Mel Hyland ride Reckless Red to victory as well as what Hyland experienced during those bone-shaking seconds in the saddle.

The Game Cookbook *by Geraldine Steindler (Stoeger Publishing Company, South Hackensack, New Jersey, 1985; 298 pp., index, paper $12.95).*
These recipes render a hunter's bag or a fisherman's catch into savory delights that would tempt a vegetarian. Javelina Hungarian style, Bohemian duck with turnips, and grouse Español are only a few of the mouth-watering game dishes in Steindler's cookbook. Whether cooked over a campfire, propane stove, or electric range, these sauces, soups, and main courses add a flavorful touch to meat caught in the wild.

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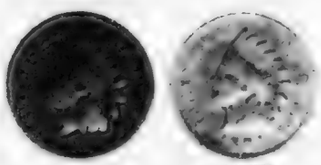

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The Best Country Cafés in Texas —The West *by John Forsyth and Meg Tynan (Texas Geographic Interests, Austin, 1984; 141 pp., maps, index, paper $6.95).*
Thanks to multilane interstate highways, mom and pop cafés have become a thing of the past for most travelers as they whiz in and out of look-alike chain restaurants. Appalled by this phenomenon, authors Forsyth and Tynan have driven the lengths of West Texas to discover cafés that still serve fresh chicken-fried steak and homemade pies. Maps and clear directions guide drivers easily off and back on the highway while directing them to genuine downhome Texas cooking.

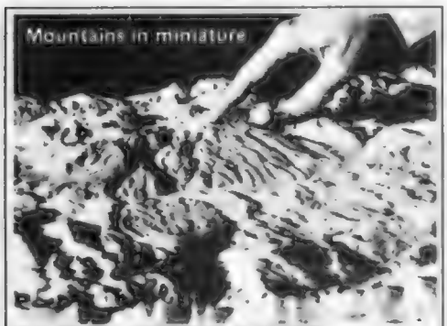
Sea Otters: A Natural History and Guide *by Roy Nickerson (Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1985; 112 pp., illus., glossary, index, biblio., paper $7.95).*
Nickerson's book looks at the life cycle and history of those friendly sea creatures the otters, who play a vital part in the Pacific Coast food chain. Hunted and trapped to near extinction for their glossy pelts near the turn of the century, these intelligent, engaging marine mammals have made a comeback but still must compete for food in areas often polluted by man. Winsome photographs and a discussion of the future of sea otters are included.

Genthe's Photographs of San Francisco's Old Chinatown, *photog. by Arnold Genthe, selection and text by John Kuo Wei Tchen (Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1984; 144 pp., illus., biblio., paper $8.95).*
German-born Genthe's 130 photographs of turn-of-the-century Chinatown streets have an unposed spontaneity that accurately reflects daily life at that time. With the aid of Tchen's informative text, these subtly toned, charming black-and-white photos, many of which feature young children, reveal a culturally rich, diverse, lively area.

The Raven Steals the Light, *drawings by Bill Reid, text by Bill Reid and Robert Bringhurst (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1985; 94 pp., illus., $19.95).*
The combined talents of master Northwest Coast Indian artist Reid and celebrated Canadian poet Bringhurst bring the art and mythology of the Haida people to the public. Famous for his superb sculpture, Reid has drawn in pencil ten sculptural images that through traditional Haida iconography convey the ten different stories he and Bringhurst poetically tell in this beautiful book. These entertaining tales about characters like the crafty raven featured in the title story amuse and provide insight into Haida culture, maintaining the gist of an oral tradition that is slowly disappearing.

Images of Oklahoma: A Pictorial History, *text by Bob L. Blackburn (Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City, 1984; 236 pp., illus., index, $19.95).*
Originally part of the Oklahoma Image Project, the photographs in this book reflect the cultural diversity and growth of Oklahoma from the late nineteenth through the mid-twentieth century. The scenes are of everyday life, of people riding around a ranch, drilling for oil, working in a post office, getting married. Gathered from private collections and historical archives, these sepia-toned photographs reflect the lives of Oklahomans from all walks of life and provide an interesting look at the birth of a state.

Sitka Man *by Al Brookman, Sr. (Alaska Northwest Publishing Company, Anchorage, 1984; 180 pp., paper $7.95).*
For almost sixty years Al Brookman has lived the outdoor life many people only dream of, working as a commercial fisherman in southeastern Alaska. Many of his lively recollections presented here have for years entertained readers of *Alaska* magazine. Packed with humor and high adventure, Brookman's tales take the reader out to sea through sudden squalls and along the wooded shores in search of Sitka deer.



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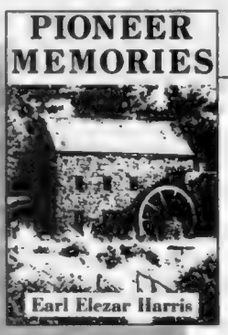

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Western Art Notes

American Anthem

PHOTO COURTESY DALLAS ARTS DISTRICT FOUNDATION

Custer's buckskin jacket, the compass that directed Lewis and Clark across the West, and a gold nugget presented to President Lincoln by the citizens of San Francisco are just a few of this country's prized possessions displayed in "American Anthem: An Exhibition of Songs and Symbols of American History," sponsored by the Dallas Arts District Foundation. Fifteen displays in "American Anthem" focus on special aspects of the history of the United States between the Revolutionary period and the 1940s. Each combines historical objects from the Smithsonian Institution, etchings of the period, photographs, music (often historical recordings), and interpretive information. On special loan from the Smithsonian is the John Bull steam locomotive—flown, all 12½ tons of it, to Dallas for its first trip across the Mississippi.

The "Flight and Fury of the Forty-niners" is heralded by the many verses of "Sweet Betsy from Pike," while the lot of the nineteenth century farmer is marked by a sodbuster plow and a "singing plow"—a steel version designed specifically for heavy prairie loam, introduced by John Deere in 1837. Women's suffrage, the affordable automobile, and the era that is epitomized by Franklin D. Roosevelt's Fireside Chats are some of the other themes presented in "American Anthem." The show was designed and produced by the prominent theatrical designer Peter Wexler and presented with curatorial assistance from the Dallas Museum of Art. The exhibit will continue through October 31 at the Pavillion in the LTV Center, Dallas.

The Drawings of Maynard Dixon. About one hundred drawings by Maynard Dixon, to be displayed at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco this summer, cover every period in the long career of this important artist. Dixon sought to interpret "the poetry and pathos of life of Western people seen amid the grandeur, sternness and loneliness of their country." The bold works in this exhibit—including painting studies, book illustrations, mural designs, and pastels from the collection of Dixon's widow, Edith Hamlin—will be on view between June 29 and September 8.

Depression Era Art—forty works by Nebraska participants in the Civil Works Administration relief project of the New Deal—portrays Depression-era life, scenes of Nebraska's pioneer past, and visions of the future from a 1930s perspective. "Depression Era Art" is a special exhibit of Nebraska State Historical Society's State Museum of History in Lincoln, running through August.

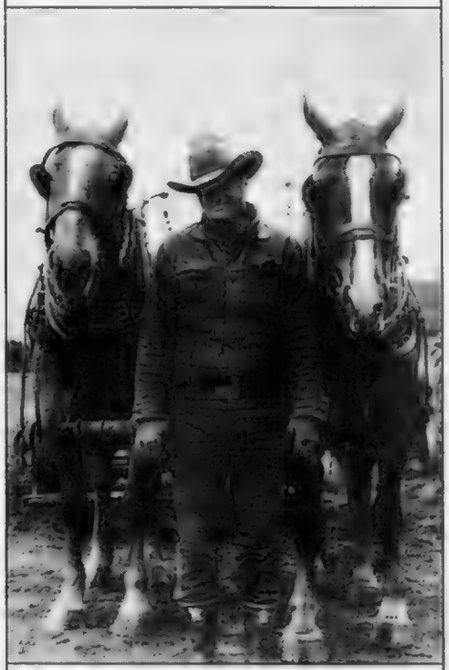
Masterpieces of the American West, the touring exhibition of works from the Anschutz Collection, summers this year in Corning, New York. Representing a wide range of styles and subjects, this show is a stunning visual history of the American West as well as an aesthetic cornucopia. It can be seen at the Rockwell Museum between July 12 and September 2. The Rockwell also sponsors a symposium on July 19 and 20 entitled "Myths of the West," focussing on American Western art with lectures, film, and tours. For more details call (607) 937-5386.

Nick Eggenhofer, well-known Western illustrator, passed away on March 7 of this year. A Western buff since his youth in Germany in the early 1900s, Eggenhofer emigrated to the United States while still in his teens, studied art, and in 1920 received his first assignments from Street and Smith (who also published the work of N. C. Wyeth, Harvey Dunn, W. H. D. Koerner, and C. M. Russell). Eventually, Eggenhofer wrote and illustrated his own books on the West, built model wagons (including a buckboard, Conestoga wagon, chuck wagon, and several stagecoaches that have been in the collection of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, for many years), and began working primarily on easel paintings. Initiated into the Cowboy Hall of Fame in 1973, Nick Eggenhofer was a member emeritus of the Cowboy Artists of America and had several retrospective shows around the country (see Art Notes, January/February 1985).

Pueblo Deco: Architectural Photographs explores the regional development of the Art Deco style and its adaptation into a distinctly Southwestern form. "Pueblo Deco" runs July 13 through August 25 at the Tucson Museum of Art.

The Art and Life of W. Herbert Dunton chronicles the artist's career as illustrator for magazines like *Cosmopolitan, Harper's,* and *Amateur Sportsman* in the early 1900s as well as his work as a founding member of the Taos Society of Artists. This major exhibit at the Stark Museum of Art in Orange, Texas—where the largest collection of Dunton paintings and illustrations in existence is held—can be seen through September 1.

Coming soon in American West



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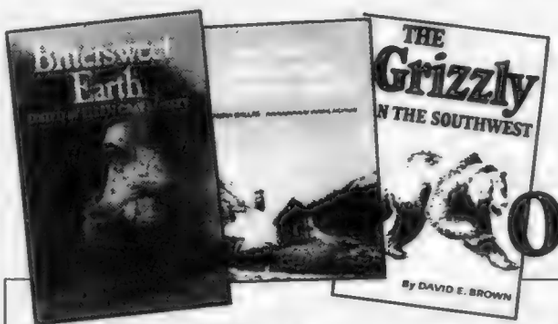

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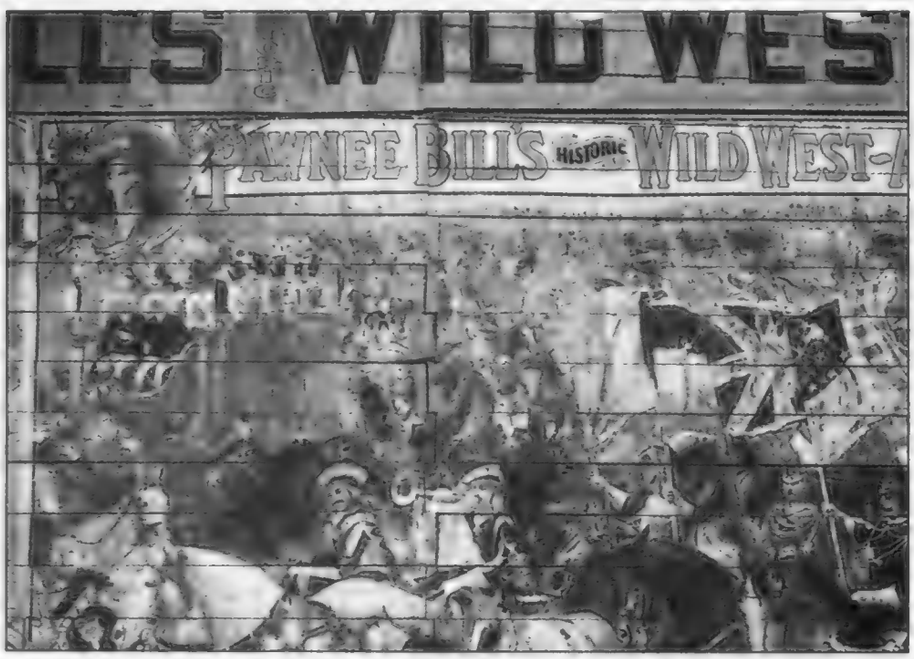

Uncovering the Wild West

The volunteer firemen of Lamont, Oklahoma, were not expecting to become preservationists when they began tearing down an old drugstore to build the town's new fire station. But when they began removing plaster and wood lathing from one interior wall, they found a ten-foot-high by seventy-foot-long poster advertising Pawnee Bill's Historic Wild West show.

Gordon W. Lillie (1860–1942)—better known as Pawnee Bill—was a famous Indian interpreter who was also called "White Chief of the Pawnee." Beginning in 1888 Pawnee Bill owned and operated a Wild West show which at times rivaled that of Buffalo Bill Cody in fame and popularity. Indeed, from 1908 until 1913 Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill joined forces to form "Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East"—affectionately known as "The Two Bills."

Believing that the poster was a once-in-a-lifetime discovery, the firemen called Earl Chapman, curator of the Pawnee Bill Mansion and Museum in Pawnee, Oklahoma, who went to Lamont and supervised the careful dismantling, board by board, of the poster, as well as its shipment to Pawnee Bill State Park. Martin Weisendanger, retired chief conservator of the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, was called to join the effort. He and his wife Margaret carried out the delicate and tedious process of restoring the poster so that it could be displayed to the public.

A little research provided the date for the poster. It advertised Pawnee Bill's Historic Wild West show that was held in Blackwell, Oklahoma, on Saturday, October 27, 1900. The gigantic placard was originally posted on the outside wall of a building. When that building was later enlarged, the outside wall became an inside wall, and the poster was covered with diagonal wood lathing and plaster—which inadvertently preserved an outstanding historic document.

Ablaze with color and packed with action, the poster shows cowboys and cossacks galloping across emerald prairies. A Mexican mariachi band plays while soldiers from England, France, Germany, and czarist Russia parade on fiery steeds. Trick riders and ropers share the spotlight with Indian raiders and charging cavalrymen. Even allowing for the inevitable exaggeration of a showman like Pawnee Bill, his Wild West show must have been quite an extravaganza.

The poster itself is unique, both because of its size and because of its fortuitous preservation. Several posters of the same type are preserved in museums, but none is of this enormous size, and none was found in its original location. Now restored, the poster is on permanent display in the old barn at Pawnee Bill State Park near Pawnee, Oklahoma.

This fascinating information was sent to us by Glen V. McIntyre, freelance writer and curator of the Chisholm Trail Museum in Kingfisher, Oklahoma.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose suggestion is accepted for publication in Western Lore. We seek information (with relevant pictures, if possible) about unusual artifacts, unusual and little-known happenings, unusual and little-known people, as well as little-known facts about well-known people—all in Western history. What do you have? Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack pictures carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Lore, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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Western Snapshots Today

Crosses like the two white wooden ones pictured above mark the sites of fatal accidents along the narrow, winding highways of northern New Mexico. The tradition of erecting these *descansos* in memory of loved ones dates back several centuries, to the time when the New Mexico area was part of New Spain.

The word *descansos* stems from the Spanish verb *descansar,* which means "to rest." Originally, *descansos* commemorated the spot where a funeral party, burdened with the body of the deceased, stopped to rest on their way to the graveyard. Pall bearers, carrying a heavy body on foot, needed frequent stops. *Descansos* were set at each halt as a gesture of respect to the dead. Flowers were hung on the crosses in the deceased's honor; families visited the spots often to place fresh flowers on the *descansos* just as they visited the graves.

This tradition has been modified now that funeral parties no longer proceed on foot. Once decorated by wreaths of plastic flowers which have since fallen victim to the whims of wind and weather, these two *descansos* mark the scene of the death of two members of the Lucero family, killed in a one-car accident near Pecos, New Mexico. Though these crosses are made from the traditional wood, other *descansos* around the state are constructed from parts of wrecked vehicles, cement, or wrought iron. Whatever the material, they stand in testimony to those who have died and serve as a sobering reminder to highway drivers to exercise due care.

H. Henrietta Stockel of Santa Fe, New Mexico, took this Western shot with an automatic Ricoh 500 G camera using 100 ASA Fujicolor film.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Pictures portraying today's West —the land and its people—in black-and-white or color, will be accepted for consideration. Please specify the type of camera, lens, film, paper, and techniques as well as light conditions used to obtain your photograph. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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- ☐ Households are growing 46% faster. Income 20% faster.
- ☐ Nine out of ten new jobs in the past decade were in new companies. Twelve out of 17 million U.S. total were in the West.
- ☐ In John Naisbitt's *Megatrends,* three of the "bellwether" states (California, Washington and Colorado) are in the West, as are nine of the "ten cities to watch."
- ☐ The West now leads in agriculture, high-tech and information.

Consider the implications:

- ☐ The largest share of new housing starts will be in the West.
- ☐ So will be the greatest growth in retail sales.
- ☐ The West will lead in construction, highways and public works.
- ☐ The West will see the launch of more new high-tech, energy- and information-based companies.

Consider the opportunity:

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Western Snapshots Yesterday

Sixty-odd years ago a group of friends paused to capture a moment on an excursion across the old plank road between Yuma, Arizona, and Holtville, California. The road is long gone and mostly forgotten, but this snapshot—taken with an early Eastman Kodak box camera—brings it clearly back to mind.

This most unusual road spanned a seven-mile stretch across the White Sand Hills. According to the young lady with her bobbed hair tied against the winds, this wooden highway was a popular route to the border town of Mexicali, where visitors played the "gold tables," and gambling was always in full swing. Henrietta Reuter stands between her future husband, Charles Riley (on the left),and their friend, Jack Eastlick.

Built in 1916, this plank road replaced a tourist-worn precursor made of two parallel sections of board with sand in between, which lasted little more than a year. The roadbed these friends stand upon was a sturdier version—eight feet wide and held together by cables. It was an important link between Yuma and San Diego, and was funded by the citizens of San Diego to encourage travelers to visit their town.

Although upkeep was difficult and passage less than convenient, traffic was heavy. Because the width of the roadway accommodated only one car, turnout platforms were built every quarter mile or so and, generally, were marked by tires hung on posts like those in the background of this scene. Shifting sands were a hazard and service stations close to the parched route sold shovels as well as gas, oil, and water. Drifts often stopped traffic for days at a time. Ten miles an hour was the legal speed limit, but enforcement was not a problem, as the bumping and jarring curtailed prolonged jaunts at higher speeds. Even ten miles an hour brought complaints of "seeing double."

Marshall Trimble, in his book *Arizona*, has this to say about the old plank road. "If two vehicles met in between the sidings one would hopefully extend the courtesy of reversing his direction, allowing the other to pass. However, it is known that on at least one occasion when two drivers couldn't agree on who was to back up one pulled a pistol on the other and 'backed him' to the siding."

About ten years after it opened, the plank road was left to its natural demise as travelers chose to cruise along a new, two-lane asphalt highway close by. The sands and wind and heat that wore down the plank road were aided by local residents and General Patton's desert troops, who (unaware of the road's historical significance) tore up planks to use for tent platforms and firewood. One twelve-foot section still remains on the west end of the stretch, marked by a historical plaque. Two other sections salvaged in the fifties are now on display at the Imperial Valley Pioneer Museum in El Centro, California.

This nostalgic snapshot, along with recollections of the wooden road, were sent to us by Henrietta Reuter Riley of Santa Rosa, California.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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